Preserve.

I have pleasure in
leaving my little
book in the reading
room of the Lotos Club
where I have spent
some happy days and
received much courtesy.

Thos. W. Cook

Captain First Rifle Team
1874. 1875 & 1876.

HIBERNIA'S SHOT.

"In return we may assure you that the warm American heart is a target you could not miss. It is too big not to be hit by such honorable guests, no matter how long the range."
New York Herald.

IRISH RIFLEMEN IN AMERICA.

BY

ARTHUR BLENNERHASSETT LEECH.

"Friendship is no plant of hasty growth;
Though planted in esteem's deep-fixed soil,
The gradual culture of kind intercourse
Must bring it to perfection."—JOANNA BAILLIE.

WITH COLOURED PLATES AND A MAP.

LONDON:
EDWARD STANFORD, 55, CHARING CROSS.
NEW YORK:
VAN NOSTRAND, 23, MURRAY STREET,
AND 27, WARREN STREET.
1875.

TO

The Ladies

WHO DID US THE HONOUR

OF ACCOMPANYING US TO AMERICA

I inscribe

THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

PREFACE.

A DISTINGUISHED writer of the present day has written an elaborate work, entitled the 'English in Ireland.' Whether that eminent man has done wisely to reproduce the wrongs and sorrows of our countrymen, occasioned by the blunders of amateur politicians, whose ignorance rarely failed to make the mischief their vanity forbade them to see, it is not my intention to discuss. But this I *do* say, that there is so much to admire in our Constitution now that the grievances graphically stated by Mr. Froude are removed, that, had I his ability, I should prefer to call attention to the blessings which have been showered upon us, rather than harrow the feelings of a sensitive race by recapitulating the story of our oppression.

I have made this incidental reference to Mr. Froude's book principally because its title suggested an analogy to me, when considering by what name I should call the little volume which I now offer to

the public. I intended originally to write a short account of the visit of the Irish Rifle Team to America in 1874, giving the particulars of the match which excited so much interest throughout the States. Such an account might fairly be entitled 'The Irish Volunteers in America.' The enthusiastic reception which we met with from the Americans, and the fact that the latter are about to return the visit, for the purpose of shooting a match which we have every reason to believe will become an annual institution, may well lead us to hope that the feelings of cordiality and affection which already animate certain classes in both countries may extend and take deep root amongst all. It may be that in this way the Irish Volunteers of '74, though less numerous than their namesakes of '82, will have rendered no slight service to the country for the maintenance of whose honour they were both concerned.

Subsequently I determined to enlarge in some degree the scope of the book, by inserting a short history of the rise and progress of rifle shooting in Ireland, and annexing an account of our proceedings in America after the conclusion of the match. This includes narratives of two hunting expeditions in the Far West, in which several members of the team

took part: the expedition to Chetopa is described by Mr. Johnson, and that to Denver by Mr. Waterhouse. In this way the book has increased to somewhat larger dimensions than I had contemplated at first, and in fact has outgrown its name, but I trust the additional matter will not diminish its interest.

I have to thank Mr. Gordon Bennett for the diagrams of the shooting of the International Match, which he most kindly placed at my disposal. I am also indebted to Mr. Ingram, the proprietor of the 'Illustrated London News,' for the woodcut of the "All Ireland Challenge Shield;" and to the Messrs. Harper, of New York, for the privilege of using one of their pictures as a frontispiece.

IRISH RIFLEMEN IN AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

"When I take the humour of a thing once, I am like your tailor's needle—I go through."—BEN JONSON.

EVERY day in the week, in every city and town in the United Kingdom and America, the newspapers publish elaborately written articles, which, as a rule, are so truthful and just that public opinion is never at fault. It is to this sense of truth and justice that I am indebted for the great success that has attended my efforts to promote rifle shooting in Ireland. During the years that have elapsed since I took up the subject in 1859, and erected a long-range target in the demesne at Markree Castle, in the County Sligo—the first of the kind ever erected in Ireland —I have received the most constant and cordial support of the Irish press.

The story of the introduction of rifle shooting into Ireland, which it has now become of some importance to preserve, is simply this:

The fame achieved by the Volunteer marksmen at Wimbledon in 1859 and 1860 stirred up feelings of emulation among Irishmen, and a strong desire

to enter the lists where such honours were to be won. In 1861 the Ulster Rifle Association was founded, and a fine range near Belfast placed at its disposal by the late Henry Harrison, Esq., J.P., of Hollywood. Almost simultaneously I was instrumental in founding the Dublin Shooting Club, and J. E. V. Vernon, Esq., D.L., of Clontarf Castle, and the late Earl of Howth secured its success by giving its members permission to establish ranges on the North Bull, near Dublin, a site admirably adapted to the purpose. Prize meetings were held here in 1862 and subsequent years; but the first occasion on which Irish riflemen found themselves engaged in an important match was in 1865, when the annual contest for the Elcho Challenge Shield was thrown open to an Irish team. The result proved that to ensure success further organization was necessary; and at a meeting of Irishmen, held in July, 1866, at Wimbledon, the resolution received unanimous support, that the Irish gentry should be called upon to aid the national sport of rifle shooting on Irish soil, the main object being to collect teams to compete in the Annual International Matches. A circular was accordingly prepared, setting forth the necessity for extended support and encouragement, if the Irishmen who visited England as competitors were to do anything of which their country would have a right to feel proud. I had the honour of occupying the chair on the occasion; and it was determined to lend every effort towards the forming of two teams of Irishmen. One of these was to consist of twenty men, to shoot

with the arm now used by the Regular Army and the Volunteers. This team was to be composed of such materials only as the Irish Volunteer regiments in London, the Manchester and Liverpool regiments, any other Irishman, being a Volunteer, resident in other parts of England, and the Irish Volunteers of Scotland could supply. The reward of the victors in the Enfield International contest, in which this team was to take part, was a Challenge Trophy, worth 1200 guineas. For the distinguished honour of a place in the team Irishmen* were further stimulated to compete by the institution of an Irish International Trophy, worth 500*l.*, the result of a collection zealously made by the Marquis of Donegal, for which the three marksmen who had made the highest scores in their respective teams were annually to contend. This match is considered by many the most interesting of the Wimbledon matches. In the first struggle for this latter prize, the Irish champion was victorious. The trophy was borne away triumphantly; and no more interesting ceremony of its kind has been witnessed in the history of Volunteering than the acceptance by His Excellency Lord Abercorn, on the part of the Irish people, of the guardianship of this prize. His Excellency responded instantly to the request preferred to him; and as one who had himself competed at Wimbledon, and could appreciate the difficulties in despite of which the triumph was secured, he held the result to be a most gratifying proof of what

* The qualification to shoot in this team is paternal descent.

"Irish marksmen could accomplish under adverse circumstances." His Excellency was further good enough to express an ardent hope that the trophy might be kept in Ireland in future years as a memorial of Irish rifle skill, and as a stimulus to that ardour and perseverance without which success in rifle shooting is unattainable. Lord Abercorn was ready to do more than bestow kind words upon the promoters of the movement. Subsequently he generously gave a Cup to be shot for in Ireland; and by consenting to become President of the Irish Rifle Association, put it at once upon a solid and enduring basis.

The present Earl Dufferin also took a lively interest in the subject of rifle shooting in Ireland, and gave a sum of 300*l.* towards its support, the only condition he annexed being that the money should be distributed in prizes "to be shot for at Clandeboye," his Lordship's seat, near Belfast. For this purpose he erected targets at a considerable expense, and an annual meeting has taken place there ever since.

It was also arranged about that time that the second match for the All Ireland Challenge Shield—a match promoted for the purpose of still better qualifying men to shoot in the Irish Eight at Wimbledon,—should be held at Clandeboye.

Nor should I omit to mention the generous liberality of our friend Colonel French Gascoigne, of Parlington Hall, Yorkshire, who, in addition to other material encouragement on many occasions, has deposited the sum of 100*l.* to be presented to the first resident Irishman who shall be proclaimed the winner

THE ALL IRELAND CHALLENGE SHIELD.

of the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon. In the meantime the interest of this sum is to be annually presented to the resident Irishman who makes the highest score in this competition.

In addition to the matches already spoken of, there is the great International Match for the Elcho Shield, which is valued at the sum of 1000*l.* This shield was presented in 1861, by Lord Elcho, as an Annual Challenge Prize, open for competition to English and Scotch *Volunteers,* Ireland being excluded, as she had no Volunteers.

After many applications to the Wimbledon authorities to allow the Irish to enter for this prize, the strictness of the rule was relaxed, and at last an Irish team was allowed to compete.

With much difficulty a team was organized under the Captaincy of the Marquis of Donegal, who backed up our exertions from the first, and in July, 1865, the Irish put in a first appearance at Wimbledon. We were annually defeated by both English and Scotch, but still we persevered, undismayed by former reverses. On some occasions we occupied the second place, and four times we found ourselves at the bottom of the list; at last, in the year 1873, we secured the victory. Though the weather was stormy and uncertain, out of 360 shots only six misses were recorded on the part of the Irish marksmen. There was only one higher score previously on record, that of the winners in 1871, made in much finer weather, when England scored 1204, and Ireland 1190. In 1873, Ireland scored 1195, and England 1175. The annexed table will show how Ireland gradually im-

proved her position, and eventually succeeded in winning the much desired prize. The highest possible score is 1440.

1862	England	890	Scotland	724		
1863	England	1082	Scotland	999		
1864	Scotland	967	England	950		
1865	England	1058	Scotland	1051	Ireland	932
1866	Scotland	1170	England	1121	Ireland	1039
1867	England	1097	Scotland	1096	Ireland	——
1868	England	1166	Ireland	1121	Scotland	1117
1869	Scotland	1149	Ireland	1090	England	1081
1870	England	1166	Ireland	1104	Scotland	1103
1871	England	1204	Ireland	1180	Scotland	1150
1872	England	1183	Scotland	1172	Ireland	1152
1873	Ireland	1195	England	1175	Scotland	1128

The names of the winning team are worthy of record here, and are as follows: John Rigby, S. S. Young, J. Lloyd, E. Johnson, J. K. Millner, William Rigby, J. Wilson, R. S. Joyce.

The success of the Irish team at Wimbledon in this International Match was hailed all over the United Kingdom with delight. The members of the other teams were prominent in their congratulations; while the newspapers one and all complimented us upon the industry and perseverance which had achieved so splendid a result.

The Elcho Shield was not at Wimbledon in July, 1873. It had been sent to the Vienna Exhibition, and consequently we had to wait some time for its return. Its arrival in Dublin was hailed with the greatest enthusiasm.

The proceedings were thus described in the 'Free-mason's Journal' of the 19th September, 1873:

"The shield was borne through the city in triumph

from the North Wall to the Mansion House, attended by a guard of honour of the 14th Hussars and the 34th Regiment. The arrangements having been completed, the shield was removed from the stores of the London North-Western Railway Company at the North Wall, and placed on a gun-carriage of the Royal Horse Artillery, drawn by six fine bay horses. The shield was wreathed with laurel. The procession was formed in the following order: First came a party of the 14th Hussars, then the fine band of the 34th Regiment, then the gun-carriage bearing the shield and attended by artillerymen, and the rear was brought up by a second detachment of the 14th Hussars. Owing to the route which had been fixed on having to be changed, large crowds that had assembled in other streets were disappointed in seeing the procession, which increased as it progressed on its way, and presented an imposing appearance. On its entering Sackville Street, with the band playing in front, the crowd following was very large, and the footways and windows at either side were fully occupied by spectators. On arriving near Nelson's Pillar, the people, who were massed there in large numbers, cheered most heartily as the shield came up. The procession moved on at a brisk pace through the most orderly of crowds packed close on Carlisle Bridge, and at both sides of Westmoreland Street and Grafton Street, through which it passed on by Stephen's Green North, to the Mansion House, when the scene presented was most gay and animated. The cavalry formed on the right and left, and the infantry in the background, as the gun-carriage

bearing the shield was drawn into the centre. In front of the Mansion House were the Lord Mayor and the members of the Corporation in their robes, and attended by the civic officers bearing the insignia of their respective offices.

"The Irish Eight then came forward and placed the shield on their shoulders, and bore it into the Mansion House amidst loud cheering, as the band played the air 'Patrick's Day.' The Lord Mayor and the members of the Corporation preceded the shield into the supper-room, when Major Leech came forward and read the following address:

"My Lord Mayor,—We, the Council of the Irish Rifle Association, have the greatest pleasure in depositing with your Lordship, as the custodian on behalf of the Irish nation, the Elcho Shield, so gallantly won at Wimbledon by our countrymen in the month of July last. In placing it in your Lordship's charge, as our worthy and respected chief magistrate, we adopt a course not only pleasing to our president, the Duke of Abercorn, to the eight champions, and to the Association, but which will, we feel sure, meet the approval of the public at large. Our late opponents, both English and Scotch, vied with each other in expressions of satisfaction at the success that attended the efforts of our countrymen. The resolution and perseverance needed to attain this success in contest with the most accomplished rifle shots in the world, stamp this victory as an achievement well worthy of the national recognition so liberally indicated by your Lordship as the head of this great municipality, and the Council take this opportunity

of acknowledging the patriotic spirit that has prompted this gratifying demonstration in honour of our small but well-trained band of riflemen. On their part the Council feel that no effort will be spared to keep the shield in Ireland. The Irish Rifle Association will do their utmost to aid them in the task; and with the cordial support of their fellow-countrymen, and the kind patronage of His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, who is himself one of the first rifle shots in the kingdom, hope to give practical effect to the sentiment expressed by His Grace the Duke of Abercorn at Wimbledon, that 'the Irish air will sufficiently agree with the Elcho Shield to render its stay more lengthened than even a year' (applause).

"The Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor replied as follows:

"My Lord and Gentlemen,—I have great pleasure in accepting, on behalf of the country, the charge of this shield, the emblem of a victory so honourable to my fellow-countrymen and so creditable to their zeal and perseverance. The attainment of skill in rifle shooting requires the exercise of those qualities both of mind and body which contribute to distinction in most of the nobler pursuits of life, and this achievement of the Irish Eight is but another proof, if such were wanting, of the capacity of Irishmen to take the foremost place in competitions which call forth the full power of *mens sana in corpore sano.* I shall, my Lord and gentlemen, take every care of the Elcho Shield—this valuable trophy, the winning of which reflects so much honour upon the country; and on the expiration of my term of office as Chief Magis-

trate of Dublin, I shall hand it over to my successor with a pleasing remembrance of the many friendly incidents it has occasioned, and a grateful appreciation of the courtesy and kindness accorded to me by the members of the Council of the National Rifle Association of Ireland, who, I hope, may still enjoy, as the reward of their labours, a repetition of similar victories at Wimbledon.

"Mr. Rigby (one of the Eight) said, before the proceedings terminated, he was requested by his colleagues to state that they desired to mark the noble exertions of Major Leech in their behalf by some little recognition of this most auspicious event. When their prospects were at the blackest, Major Leech never despaired of the ultimate success of the Irish team (great applause), and the confidence he inspired, and his unceasing exertions, to enable the victory to be won, could not be exaggerated (applause). The Irish Eight felt under the deepest obligations to Major Leech for all he had done to forward rifle shooting and to contribute to the gratifying triumph attained, and they desired to make Major Leech a presentation which would keep alive in his memory the gratitude which they owed to him (applause). Mr. Rigby then, in the name of the 'Irish Eight,' presented to Major Leech a beautifully-executed miniature in gold of the All Ireland Challenge Shield."

The Irish team were invited by the Lord Mayor, Sir James Mackey, to a banquet at the Mansion House in the evening, to meet His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant (Earl Spencer).


1873
IRISH RIFLE ASSOCIATION
To
Arthur Gloucester Leech
FROM
The Irish Eight

The banquet was a magnificent display of civic hospitality, and the Lord Mayor proposed the usual loyal toasts. I quote the newspaper report of the Lord Lieutenant's speech in reply to the toast of his health.

"The Lord Lieutenant said that he rose with much pleasure to respond to the toast that had been given, and to return thanks for the very kind manner in which it had been received. He had frequently risen with pleasure in that room to thank the people for their kindness to him and their loyalty to the Queen, whom he represented in this country; but he did not know that he had ever risen with greater pride and pleasure than on the present occasion, when he rose to congratulate the country on the success of the Irish Eight. He believed that they were all proud of the success that they commemorated that evening. He had himself, from the commencement, been a warm supporter of the rifle movement, for he believed it to be a movement of the greatest importance, not merely to individuals, but to the nation at large. It had been to him a source of the greatest gratification to see it established as a national sport, on account of the great qualities it demanded from those that would successfully pursue it, and he was convinced that no sport could be long established in England that was merely frivolous in its nature. Rifle shooting required great qualities of nerve, of eye, and of mind. It required very little proof to show that qualities of nerve and eye were necessary to its success; but qualities of mind were also absolutely necessary, to take into due considera-

tion the effect of the elements and various other extraneous influences on the shooting. For these reasons he believed that the sport was one that should be largely encouraged. It added greatly to the strength of the nation, and therefore, too, it deserved encouragement. England and Scotland had inaugurated the sport, but Ireland was determined that she would not long be left behind (applause). The qualities which he had described as being necessary for success in this sport were qualities that had often and fully been developed in Irishmen (applause). Ireland had brought forth many men distinguished for these qualities—men that had frequently exhibited them at the head of the armies of the Queen. Therefore the time soon arrived when Irishmen came forward and insisted on being permitted to compete in the great national competition at Wimbledon (applause). They might easily imagine the difficulties with which they had to contend. The qualities which he had described were difficult to be exercised by a single man, but to get eight men to exercise them harmoniously and successfully was a task whose difficulty it was hard to over-estimate. He saw before him the man to whom they were indebted for success in that difficult undertaking. He was well known at Wimbledon, and there was no man there that was not proud to reckon Major Leech amongst his friends (applause). It was through his exertions that the Irish Eight, in spite of the greatest difficulties, had achieved successes and brought credit on their country (applause). Time after time His

Excellency had, in common with others, admired the energy with which the Irish had competed, and even before he had the honour to hold the high position which he now held in this country, he had been anxious for the Irish to succeed (hear, hear). It was to him a matter of the greatest pride and gratification that their success had occurred during his Viceroyalty, and he sincerely regretted that he had been unavoidably absent from the contest; but he was in some measure compensated by witnessing the large numbers that had that evening assembled to commemorate the Irish victory (hear, hear). He rejoiced to believe that such international contests would do much to foster union and good feeling amongst the nations that contended. The rifle match was amongst those rare occurrences in which the victors desired that their antagonists should be skilful at least, if not successful, for on their opponents' skill the honour of the victors depended; and he was sure that the Irish Eight would sincerely regret that any unskilfulness of their English or Scotch opponents should render their victory inglorious (hear, hear). It could not be denied that they would have considerable difficulty in retaining the harvest of glory they had reaped; but he was sure all present joined with him in wishing their future success, and he sincerely trusted that the Elcho Shield, which had by their exertions been brought to their city, should by their exertions be long retained in Dublin. His Excellency resumed his seat amidst loud applause."

CHAPTER II.

"Ambition, sky-aspiring, led him on."—SMART.

THE origin of the Rifle Match which took place at Creedmoor, near New York, on Saturday, the 26th September, 1874, was as follows:

The Irish having won the Elcho Shield in July, 1873, became champions of Great Britain, and for the first time in the Rifle-Shooting History of the country were in a position to offer peaceful battle to their American cousins. Having mentioned the subject to some half-dozen rifle-shooting friends, and secured, as I thought, the assistance of three or four of our best Irish rifle shots, I addressed the following letter to the editor of the 'New York Herald':

"SIR,—In matters of enterprise your name occurs to me before any in America, as most likely to bring to a successful issue an International Rifle Match, which I beg to propose between Ireland and America.

"At the great rifle meeting held annually at Wimbledon, a team of eight Irishmen shooting with Irish-made rifles, this year beat the picked eights of England and Scotland.

"As the great American nation has long enjoyed a world-wide reputation for skill in rifle shooting, it occurs to me that the enclosed challenge from Irish

riflemen, now the champions of Great Britain, might be accepted, and if so, a team would be organized to visit the United States in the autumn of 1874.

"I enclose an account of the match at Wimbledon, and of the proceedings on the reception of the Irish Eight in Dublin.

"I have the honour to remain,
Your faithful servant,
ARTHUR B. LEECH."

The conditions of the challenge were as follows:

"*Challenge to the Riflemen of America from the Riflemen of Ireland, represented by the Irish Rifle Association:*

"Mr. Arthur Blennerhassett Leech, founder in 1867 of the Irish Rifle Association, will select from the members a team which he will match against an equal number of the representative American rifle shots, to shoot in the United States, in the autumn of 1874, on the following conditions:

"Targets, scoring, &c., same as adopted by the National Rifle Association of Great Britain at Wimbledon, 1873 (when the Irish Eight won the International Match for the Elcho Shield, beating England and Scotland).

"*Ranges*—800, 900, 1000, and 1100 yards.

"*Rifles*—Any not exceeding ten pounds weight, but without telescopic sights or hair-triggers.

"*Position*—Any, but no artificial rest permitted either for the rifle or person of the shooter.

"The American team to be composed exclusively of riflemen born in the United States, and to shoot with rifles of American manufacture.

"The Irish team will shoot with rifles made by Rigby, of Dublin.

"As this challenge is given to decide the title to the Rifle Championship of the world, Mr. Leech will require a sufficient stake put down, not for the sake of a trifling pecuniary gain, but as a guarantee that the Irish team will meet the representative shots of America.

"Mr. Leech desires to draw the attention of the American people to the fact that the laws of Great Britain forbid the formation in Ireland of rifle corps similar to those which exist in great numbers in England and Scotland, and that any skill acquired by Irishmen in rifle shooting is the result of individual exertion under difficulties arising from discouraging legislation."

This appeared in the 'New York Herald,' on the 22nd of November, and created great excitement in America. It was copied into every newspaper from the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific. Who was to take up the gauntlet? The Amateur Rifle Club called a special meeting: the challenge was laid before them, and they at once decided to accept it, with the one proviso, viz. that the proposal to shoot at 1100 yards should be expunged from the terms of the match. They objected to this simply because they had no range of that extent at Creedmoor.

The Americans then went to work with a will, and addressed the following circular to the various rifle clubs in the United States, in order not only to get the very best shots to meet the Irish team,

but also to ensure a representative team for the occasion.

Colonel Wingate's (president of the Amateur Rifle Club) letter came duly to hand, and I at once brought the subject of it before the Irish Rifle Association. The 1100 yards range was expunged from the terms of the match, although this was our best range, and would have been of much use in demonstrating to the Americans the efficacy of the Rigby long-range rifle.

A few more letters passed, and finally, on the 2nd of May, 1874, the articles of the match were signed by Colonel Wingate on behalf of the National Rifle Association of America, and were duly forwarded to me. I shall now give a short sketch of the manner in which the Americans went to work; and on contrasting the amount of public support which was given to the movement there, with the rough up-hill work which was required for the same purpose here, I think they richly deserved the final success which they undoubtedly, though somewhat luckily, achieved.

Hitherto the regular target rifle used by Americans had been a very indifferent kind of weapon, and under the rules of the National Rifle Association was excluded from their contests. This gun is a muzzle-loader, having a barrel averaging from 15 lb. to 35 lb. in weight, with a hair trigger and telescopic sight. The telescope is about the size of a walking cane, and is placed over the barrel so as to permit of its being raised by screws, the sight being formed by two crossed hairs inside the tube. With

this ponderous weapon placed in a fixed rest, also moved by screws, the rifleman can hit a small mark with great accuracy. It is generally fired at ranges of 220 to 440 yards, the score being ascertained by measuring the distance from the centre of the mark to the centre of each shot; the aggregate distance is known as "a string," and a good shot is expected, in ten shots, at 40 rods or 220 yards, to make a string of 13 inches, or an average distance of little over an inch from the centre of the bull's-eye to the centre of each shot. The method of loading is in some respects peculiar. The gun is carefully cleaned, and a false muzzle is then put on, being a section of the barrel fitted so as to correspond with the grooves of the rifle itself, to which it is attached by pins. On this is laid a patch of greased linen, on which is placed the bullet, instead of the elongated shaft now in use. This is inserted into the grooves by what is known as a ball starter, and is forced down upon the powder, the patch surrounding it taking all the grooves. The object of the false muzzle is to prevent the edge of the barrel being in any way injured.

Although this is a weapon of great accuracy and precision, it resembles light artillery more than rifle shooting, and the National Rifle Association do not now, as we have said, permit it to be used on their range.

The best American rifle shots have been divided between this method of shooting and that of firing from the shoulder, at distances of from one to two hundred yards, at which ranges they are very expert;

but even in this they use guns with hair triggers averaging about 12 lb. in weight.

For this reason the Amateur Rifle Club received but little assistance from the best marksmen of America, and were forced as it were to create their members from among a different class. Little by little the competition between the manufacturers produced improved weapons, and during the shooting season of 1873 the contest appeared to be confined mainly to the rifles manufactured by Remington and Sharpe. At the time our challenge appeared in the 'New York Herald' hardly a man of them had fired at a longer distance than 500 yards, except in one match, in which the scores were very poor. They were, however, fully aware of their own deficiency, and only accepted the challenge on behalf of American riflemen in the belief that they would receive from the whole nation sufficient support to enable them to produce a creditable team, and not expecting that more than two or three at most of their own members would secure a place therein. They therefore addressed the following circular letter to American riflemen:

"THE AMATEUR RIFLE CLUB.

"194, BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
March 11, 1874.

"*To the Riflemen of America.*

"A challenge having been extended to you by the Irish Eight (who won the Elcho Shield at Wimbledon in 1873), the Amateur Rifle Club of this city has accepted it upon your behalf.

"The programme submitted by the Irish team has been agreed upon, with the single exception of the minimum number of competitors, which this Club desires to fix at six, in place of four, as originally proposed by the challengers. As thus amended, it is as follows:

"PROGRAMME.

"Programme of the International Rifle Match between the riflemen of the United States of America and the riflemen of Ireland, represented by a team to be chosen from the members o f the Irish Rifle Association, to take place at Creedmoor, Long Island, not sooner than the 15th of September or later than the 15th of October, 1874, on the following terms, viz.:

"*Team*—Each team to consist of not more than eight or less than six men, at the option of the Irish, whose decision will be announced on their arrival at New York. The American team to be composed exclusively of riflemen born in the United States. The Irish team to consist of men qualified to shoot in the Irish Eight at Wimbledon.

"*Rifles*—Any, not exceeding ten pounds weight; minimum pull of trigger three pounds. The Americans to shoot with rifles of *bonâ fide* American manufacture. The Irish to shoot with rifles manufactured by Messrs. John Rigby and Co., of Dublin.

"*Sights, Ammunitions, Targets, and Marking*—To be according to printed regulations in force at Wimbledon, 1873.*

* These are similar in these respects to those of the National Rifle Association.

"*Ranges*—Eight hundred yards, nine hundred yards, and one thousand yards.

"*Number of Shots*—Fifteen at each range by each competitor.

"*Previous Practice*—The Irish team to be allowed the use of the range for practice for at least two days before the match.

"*Position*—Any; no artificial rest to be used either for the rifle or person of the shooter.

"Mr. Leech, on the part of the Irish team, guarantees to deposit, on his arrival at New York, with the National Rifle Association of America, the sum of one hundred pounds sterling, a like sum to be deposited by the American team, and this sum of 200*l.* to be handed over to the captain for division among the members of the winning team.

"Targets, range, and all accessories for carrying out the match to devolve on the Americans. The Americans to choose a referee to act for their team. Mr. Leech will act in the capacity of referee for the Irish team; and the two referees shall mutually select an umpire, to whom, in case of difference of opinion, they shall refer, and whose decision shall be final.

"The terms of the match to be signed by Geo. W. Wingate, on behalf of the Amateur Rifle Club; and by Arthur Blennerhassett Leech, on behalf of the Irish team.

"Duplicate copies of this programme to be exchanged, and all necessary arrangements to be

completed on or before the 1st day of June, 1874.

"Should either team fail to make an appearance on the day and hour agreed upon for the match, the team then present may claim the Championship and stakes.

"In taking this step, the Amateur Rifle Club do not claim that they include among their members the best riflemen of America, but only assume to act as your representatives for the purpose of placing the matter in such a shape as to permit all, who prove themselves competent, to compete, irrespective of their residence or membership.

"The targets and scoring used in the match will be in accordance with the rules of the National Rifle Association, viz.: Targets six feet high by twelve wide, having a black bull's-eye three feet square, surrounded by the 'centre,' six feet square, the rest of the target constituting the 'outer'; bull's-eyes counting four points; centres, three; outers, two. Any sights allowed but telescopic, magnifying, and such as conceal the target so as to prevent the danger signal from being seen. Any ammunition may be used. Any position will be allowed which can be taken on level ground without artificial rests. The other particulars sufficiently appear in the programme.

"It is requested that all native-born Americans who are interested in rifle shooting, and who desire to form part of the 'team' which is to represent America in this match, will at once commence prac-

tising for the purpose, and will, on or before the 1st day of July next, forward to the subscriber a score of fifteen consecutive shots made at each distance named in the programme, in the form hereto annexed.

"At some time during July or August, to be hereafter designated, one or more matches will be held at Creedmoor, to shoot for places in the team. Notice of these will be sent to all forwarding these returns, as well as the regular members of the Club, and all, whether members or not, will be allowed to compete at them upon equal terms. From the competitors making the best scores upon these occasions, the Executive Committee will select a certain number who will shoot against each other until the best shots are definitely ascertained; and these, and these only, will be allowed to shoot in the team. The Amateur Club will provide the markers and pay all the expenses of these matches. Non-members of the National Rifle Association will, under its rules, be required to join it before practising upon its range at Creedmoor. This, however, will cost but 3 dollars, and will be the only expense they will have to incur.

"The matter is one that appeals so strongly to your pride, not only as riflemen, but as Americans, that it is to be hoped that the best shots in the country will come forward in this match. The gentlemen who have sent the challenge are very skilful riflemen (their average score in the match for the Elcho Shield being 149·37 points out of a possible

180, or 3·32 a shot), but there are many in America fully as expert, and if they can be induced to engage in the undertaking, the result cannot be doubtful.

"By order of the Executive Committee.

"FRED. P. FAIRBANKS,
Secretary, Amateur Rifle Club."

It was arranged that six competitions should take place at Creedmoor, in July and August, 1874, for the purpose of deciding who should be entitled to places in the team. The knowledge that the match would be shot with American rifles, and would prove a contest between muzzle and breech loaders, stimulated the rifle manufacturers of America, who vigorously set to work to produce an arm which might compare with the Rigby. The result of this was that at the opening of the range in the spring of 1874 both Messrs. Remington and Sharpe had produced rifles with Vernier sights, pistol-grip, and all the improvements, as to sights, &c., found in the Rigby. With respect to this arm opinions, of course, differ. The Americans consider it better than our own. All we need say is, that it certainly proved as effective in the present instance.

Thus armed, the members of the Club set steadily to work to learn to shoot at the long ranges. Nearly every man carried in his pocket the scores made by the Irish team in winning the Elcho Shield, and at the end of every match figuring was gone into to see what progress they were making towards producing the score of 1195 made by the latter on that occa-

sion. The highest score in any of the six matches was made by Henry Fulton, who, however, only averaged centres, equal to 1080. The twelve highest were all members of the Amateur Club, who had belonged to it at the time when the challenge was accepted, and these formed the team and reserve.

The aggregate scores made in the four highest competitions in 15 rounds at 800, 15 at 900, and 20 at 1000 yards, were as follows:

Gen. Dakin . . .	564	L. M. Ballard . .	554
G. W. Yale . . .	561	J. T. B. Collins. .	555
H. Fulton	604	Col. Gildersleeve .	531
L. Hepburn . . .	590	J. S. Conlon . . .	579
E. H. Sanford . .	539	F. S. Gardner . .	546
A. V. Canfield . .	546	Col. Bodine . . .	570

Having been thus chosen, they devoted themselves to constant practice and close study of the theory of rifle shooting. The result has been to place the Amateur Rifle Club in the position of the leading small-bore club of the United States. Its officers are in constant receipt of communications from all parts of the country in regard to the formation of rifle clubs, and probably by next year there will be hundreds of clubs organized on a similar basis, whose most skilled representatives will appear annually at Creedmoor, to compete for the Leech Cup and the Championship of America.

Thus far I have endeavoured to describe the effect which this great International Match has had

in America. I have also indulged in a prospective view of what will be its effect hereafter. Let me now retrace my steps.

The challenge was accepted. The difficulty (which I foresaw from the first) of procuring a sufficient number of first-rate shots to represent Ireland had now to be surmounted. I had promises from four good men, but the defection of even one of them would make the situation very critical. All my shooting friends of sufficient eminence as riflemen had "callings" of one kind or another, and naturally could only promise to come, provided business should not interfere. One gentleman, who had made the highest score in the Irish team at Wimbledon, in 1873, and upon whom I had calculated with the utmost certainty from the beginning, failed me at the last, in consequence of a domestic misfortune.

At the very last moment, another rifleman, without whom an Irish team would not be complete, was obliged, scarcely more to his own regret than mine, to excuse himself on account of business; and several others for similar reasons declared themselves unable to be absent from their homes for so long a time as a trip to America would involve.

In the midst of doubts and embarrassments about getting a good representative team together, other necessary arrangements required attention. Accordingly, I addressed a letter to the Cunard Royal Mail Steamship Company, stating the object of my proposed visit to America, and asking them, *on public*

grounds, to grant special terms for return tickets for the team and men in waiting. This request was complied with at once, my own name having been added to the list, a favour for which I did not ask.

This concession was afterwards enlarged, and in the end a number of gentlemen connected with the Irish Rifle Association, including Lord Massereene, Mr. Brooks, M.P. (then Lord Mayor of Dublin), Alderman Manning, Mr. Foster, Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Rigby, and Mr. Doyle, availed themselves of the liberality of the Cunard Company.

The novelty of the expedition, and the relations between this country and America, began then to be matter of discussion.

We were sure to be escorted to the train in Dublin by bands of music and crowds of people; and some ignorant but well-meaning persons argued that perhaps the peace of the city might be disturbed by these demonstrations.

Another disappointment awaited me. A distinguished rifle shot from the King's County, upon whom I had relied with the utmost confidence, now disappeared: urgent private affairs requiring *his* presence at home. I worked away, however, despite my misfortunes, and was not at a loss for sympathy from friends who saw me struggling against almost overwhelming difficulties. I had always a large proportion of non-shooting supporters; but the novelty of the American match caused a general apprehension that the work I had already done in prompting rifle

shooting might suffer by my inability to carry out this affair.

About this time the question of the expenses of the team to America began to be a subject of general conversation. It seemed rather hard that in a matter of national importance, and where the honour of the country was at stake, the champions of that honour should not only give up many weeks of valuable time, but also proceed to America at their own expense. This was a serious matter and gave me much thought. The gentlemen of the team, however, relieved me of this anxiety, by informing me that they were quite prepared to pay their own charges.

The arrangements for the match were now drawing near completion; the men were engaged in regular practice, and many a morning early I turned out to see some one or two of them putting on the finishing touches, or trying a new rifle, a new sight, or a new position. I went to Liverpool to make final arrangements, and on my return to Dublin found that the 'Irish Times' was receiving subscriptions for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the team.

This proof of public sympathy and support was most encouraging, but my friends were unwilling to avail themselves of it, further than to accept their return tickets to New York. These were subsequently presented to the following gentlemen, who had been named members of the team before starting: Mr. Millner, Mr. Wilson, Capt. Walker, Dr. Hamilton, and Mr. Johnson. Mr. Rigby paid forhis

own ticket. Besides these there accompanied the party Mr. Doyle, Mr. Bagnell, Lord Massereene, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Waterhouse, and Mr. Foster, as men in waiting and to assist in the markers' butts, in scoring, and other duties, for which on all such occasions experienced help is necessary. In addition to these last-named gentlemen, Maurice Brooks, Esq., M.P., then Lord Mayor of Dublin, and Alderman Manning, as members of the Council of the Irish Rifle Association, were allowed the advantages of a return ticket at the reduced fare, a courtesy which was also extended to a gentleman who accompanied the party as chronicler of the proceedings of the Irish team in America.

Just before starting for Cork, I wrote the following letter to the editors of the Dublin journals:

"THE IRISH AMERICAN RIFLE MATCH.

"*To the Editor of the 'Irish Times.'*

"SIR,—On the eve of my departure for America, I desire to express my sense of the courteous and generous treatment which has been extended to me by the Dublin press, during the years I have been engaged in promoting rifle shooting in Ireland. Your columns have been opened to this subject so frequently, and with such ability, that my labours have often been lightened, and always materially assisted by your able advocacy.

"The press in this country, conducted on the high-minded and honourable principles which influence it, ever supports any project having for its object

the advancement of our local interests, and has not overlooked the efforts of one even so unimportant as myself to develop the talent of our people in the use of the rifle, and to foster those feelings among them which association at the rifle range, as in the cricket field, must induce. Modern facilities for travel bring countries so near to each other, that it has become possible to extend those courtesies, which greatly contribute to the happiness of life, to those who are sufficiently distinguished as rifle shots to take part in international matches. A feeling of the importance of such intercourse suggested the idea of sending a friendly challenge to the Americans at a time when the Irish were champions of Great Britain. The match which we are to shoot at New York, on the 26th of this month, has done much to develop the science of rifle shooting and the improvement of arms. Ever since this challenge has been accepted, the Americans have been engaged in bringing to perfection the breech-loading rifles, of which they have a variety. I now, sir, have to state that the team proceeding to America, which I have the honour to command, consists of Mr. Millner, Mr. Rigby, Mr. Wilson, Capt. Walker, Mr. Johnson, and Dr. Hamilton. By the terms of the match, settled between Colonel Wingate, on behalf of the Americans, and by me for Ireland, I may elect on our arrival at New York whether the team is to consist of six or eight men. If of the latter number, Messrs. Doyle, Kelly, Lord Massereene, Foster, and Bagnell, will compete for the

vacant places, but the six first named are absolutely chosen.

"I am very sorry to say that I am deprived of the services of Mr. Joyce of Belfast, whose engagements will not permit him to retain his place in the team. This gentleman, and Mr. Wilson, also of Belfast, made the highest individual scores that were ever recorded in the international matches for the Elcho Shield. I trust to see him distinguish himself again at Wimbledon, and I am quite sure that he will always be a valuable acquisition to any team.

"In conclusion, sir, I beg to repeat my hearty thanks for your kind support in this matter. Through you the public have been allowed to evidence their sympathy with this undertaking, and a sum of money has been collected to defray some of the expenses of the team. I could only accept the cost of return tickets by the Cunard steamer for five of the gentlemen composing the team; and our honorary secretary, Mr. Rigby, and all the others go at their own expense. I trust you will pardon the length of this letter. It is, perhaps, the last I shall ever address to the papers on this subject, as I propose to retire from active service in this cause, and leave to younger and more efficient people to carry it still farther. I have had much gratification in seeing it develop, and have spent some happy years in doing what little I could to promote it; and I shall retire with many pleasing recollections of the past, carrying with me, I trust, forgiveness for my

shortcomings, and the goodwill of those I have had the pleasure of being associated with from time to time. I have the honour to remain, your faithful and obliged,

"ARTHUR B. LEECH.

"SALT HILL HOTEL, DUBLIN,
September 3, 1874."

All things having been arranged, places secured in the 'Scotia,' rifles oiled and packed, sights carefully put away, ammunition parcelled out to each man, and a box full provided in reserve, the whole party, numbering twenty-seven, assembled at the Kingsbridge Station, on Sunday morning, the 6th of September. The quantity of luggage was something wonderful. The size of some of the boxes made it apparent that the ladies, of whom there were seven in the party, were taking out an ample wardrobe. The usual bustle of a railway station about the time of the starting of a train was increased by the number of friends who came to see us off and to wish a pleasant time and success to the team.

Prominent amongst those who surrounded us at the moment of starting was an old acquaintance of mine, well known at the various club-house steps and hotels as a vendor of flowers for the button-hole: he came forward, and in the most touching manner addressed me, and placed in my hand one dozen beautiful little bouquets. Such delicate thoughtfulness is worthy of grateful acknowledgment.

The engine whistled at last, in answer to the guard's signal, and we were quickly whirled out of the sta-

tion, having commenced our trip to America under the most agreeable circumstances possible. The start from Kingsbridge was rather an early one—nine o'clock—and some of the party had to come a long distance to the station. In anticipation of an early breakfast and consequent long fast (there being no resting place between Dublin and Cork on Sunday with the American mail), the Lady Mayoress had thoughtfully provided an ample luncheon, to which we all did full justice about eleven o'clock. The entire party occupied the Company's only saloon carriage, which the authorities very kindly had placed at our disposal.

On the arrival of the train at Queenstown we were visited at the station by numerous well-wishers, and joined by some of our party, who had been the guests of the late Lord Fermoy, who, as Edmund Burke Roche, represented Cork County for many years, and was a most popular man in the House of Commons as well as in the hunting-field.

Having embarked on board the good ship 'Scotia,' and seen all our impedimenta safely deposited therein, we were obliged to say the last words of farewell to the friends who had come off with us in the tender.

Voyages by sea and long journeys by land being no novelty to me, my kit is usually in a form sufficiently compact not to require much looking after, and certainly never needing to be paid for as "excess" luggage. On this occasion it was lucky for all of us that in this good ship the allowance for luggage was

by the hundredweight, and not by pounds as on the railway.

We soon began to settle down; passengers one by one felt unwell, disappeared, and having gone through the usual routine of seediness and recovery, after three or four days appeared again in the best of spirits. And now the amusements began, the most popular being the International Rifle Match, at 800, 900, and 1000 yards, between three representative teams from England, America, and Ireland. The weapons were a "puff and dart." The planks on the 'Scotia's' decks regulated the distance, and the Irish won the match amidst the most uproarious enthusiasm.

The attention of the captain and officers of the 'Scotia' to the passengers was very marked, so much so that my friends agreed with me that the Irish team was justified in publicly thanking them for their courtesy. The custom has been given up for some years on this line, but this being so exceptional an occasion, the efforts of those in authority to make us comfortable were acknowledged in an address, drawn up and presented to the captain and officers. The following account of the proceedings appeared in the 'Irish Times,' of September 30, 1874:

"Major Leech, addressing the assembled company, after dinner, on the evening preceding their arrival at New York, said:

"My lords, ladies, and gentlemen,—In consequence of the prominent position in which I am placed by the favour of my countrymen as the captain of the Irish rifle team, proceeding to America to shoot in

the proposed International Match, the pleasing duty has been assigned me of asking you, sir, as captain of this splendid vessel, to accept an instalment of our goodwill, which we have reduced to writing, and which, with the kind permission of this goodly company, I will now read to you.

"Major Leech then read as follows:

"'Before the close of our delightful voyage I desire to express to you, on behalf of the Irish rifle team and their friends, our sense of the great courtesy and attention we have received from you during its continuance. This is not for us an ordinary occasion. It is with the majority of the party our first experience of a transatlantic voyage, and whatever may be the usual course, we claim the privilege of expressing to you publicly the thanks which are due to you for your kindness to every member of our party. We would certainly have no reason to complain if, in a great ship like this, crowded with so large a number of passengers, it happened that many individuals escaped your attention. That such is not the case, and that all, without exception, have experienced your kindness, is sufficient proof of the admirable way in which you have filled the important position you occupy. I have ventured to call our voyage delightful. Whatever the feelings of individuals might have been during two or three less prosperous days, I think I may safely say that all now agree with me in applying that description to it. But had we been less fortunate, had the wildest storm of the Atlantic

obstructed our path, our confidence in your management of this noble vessel and in the precautions taken for our safety by the great Company you represent, would at all times have kept our minds at ease. I cannot sit down without alluding to the sympathy and goodwill shown to us by our fellow-passengers. We are fortunate in being temporarily associated with distinguished men from both sides of the Atlantic, and from these we have received many marks of sympathy in our undertaking. We owe this, I am sure, not to our personal merits, or to any peculiar interest they feel in a rifle competition between individuals, but to their recognition of the fact that such undertakings as ours are of a representative nature, and that such international contests rightly conducted are really international courtesies, tending directly to promote that perfect cordiality which we hope will ever exist between the great American nation and our native land. To you, Captain Leetch, and to all the officers of the ship for their unvarying kindness and attention, we again offer our heartfelt thanks.'

"Captain Leetch replied as follows: Major Leech, my lords, ladies, and gentlemen,—Though much in the habit of coming out when required, I cannot lay claim to any great powers of speech in a case of this kind, and I can only thank the Major and team for the way in which I have been addressed, and for the hearty response by everyone. Though I have crossed the Atlantic for a great number of years, I may state that this is a voyage long to be remembered.

We have on board representatives of all classes and professions—law, medicine, army and navy, and merchants of the first standing in the world. Last, though not least, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who, I believe, is the first gentleman holding that high office who has ever visited the States. I can only hope that this great national match about to be contested will lead, as the Lord Mayor and all hope, to cement that good feeling existing between the countries. I thank you all, ladies and gentlemen, for the kind way in which you have drunk my health.

"After the cheering had subsided, Mr. Cyrus T. Field proposed the health of the Irish visitors, to which the Lord Mayor of Dublin replied in a few appropriate words."

CHAPTER III.

"There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease."—WASHINGTON IRVING.

ON the 16th September, about noon, we arrived in New York harbour. The weather, which had been fine up to the morning of our arrival, suddenly became so thick and hazy that to see anything of the coast or harbour was impossible. All this was lost to us, and we were much disappointed. As soon as it was possible for visitors to appear—for we had to pass the doctor before we were received on shore, the quarantine laws being somewhat stringent—a deputation, consisting of members of the National Rifle Association of America and of the Amateur Rifle Club, came on board to receive us. They were accompanied by gentlemen unconnected with either Institution, but simply desirous of paying a compliment to our party. The ceremony of introduction having been completed, we were conveyed to the Windsor Hotel in carriages provided for us by the authorities.

Before leaving the wharf the luggage had to be looked after; and the sorting of more than 140 packages, notwithstanding the assistance which we

received from the officials, took up about three hours; even then a couple of our party remained behind to see it off. The Customs authorities, too, were most kind and attentive; they never asked a question as to the contents of any box, but at once chalked it with a hieroglyphic known only to themselves, when they were told that it was the property of the Irish rifle team. I believe that if we had claimed all the merchandise in the ship as our luggage, the same immunity from taxation would have been extended to it. I saw some men of high position in America subjected during that rainy day to a careful scrutiny of the contents of their boxes. It seemed to me as if the officials allowed all their good nature to be lavished on us, while their scrutiny was reserved for their own country people. The Customs authorities are entitled to all our thanks for their civility, and I hereby tender them.

The city of New York, the chief city of the Western world, must needs receive more than a passing notice. The carriages which took us from the ship to the hotel were driven on board the ferry, a monstrous square-ended steamer, capable of holding on the deck, which is divided into compartments for the accommodation of foot passengers, about twenty carriages and as many hundreds of people as usually present themselves to cross from Jersey city to New York. We were driven to the Windsor Hotel, the newest, if not the finest, hotel in New York. The hall is a large space some fifty yards square, with an office at one side, presided

over by the most obliging and attentive officials. The lift, or elevator, as they call it, sends you up with a rapidity unknown amongst us, and at the top you find your luggage being put down by a stalwart porter—an Irishman, of course. Here I will notice, with pleasure, the high character which our countrymen have gained for trustworthiness and the strictest attention to their duties, discharged with an alacrity and courtesy which delighted but did not surprise me, for I am one of those who expect much from Irishmen. I was never more gratified than to find that in those monster hotels, each with accommodation for about one thousand guests, the proprietors, usually American gentlemen, hold their Irish porters in great esteem.

Testimony such as this, borne by men of Messrs. Hawk and Wetherby's social standing, to the excellence of my humbler countrymen was gratifying in the extreme.

Shortly after our arrival I was visited by our distinguished countryman, Mr. Dion Boucicault, whose brilliant abilities have rightly placed him in the foremost ranks of his profession. He asked me to a dinner, at his house, in East Fifteenth Street, where I had the pleasure of meeting several American celebrities, amongst them John McCullagh, an Irishman, a tragedian, justly popular in America, and the lessee of the theatre at San Francisco. I met Mr. Wallack also on this occasion, who invited our whole party to enjoy a day's sailing with him in his magnificently appointed yacht, the 'Columbia,' of over 300 tons.

We all took advantage of this kind invitation. It so happened that the 'Scotia,' the vessel in which we had come to America, was returning to Europe on that day, and we sailed under her bows, firing guns and waving handkerchiefs—a proceeding which was gracefully acknowledged by the dipping of the 'Scotia's' ensign. We gave them a hearty cheer, and so parted. From Mr. Daly, the lessee of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, who was one of Mr. Boucicault's guests, I received next day the following communication:

"Mr. Daly presents his compliments to Major Leech, and begs to enclose him cards for four private boxes, for Wednesday evening, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, with a cordial invitation to the party who honour New York with their presence, to witness the entertainment.

"Monday afternoon, Fifth Avenue Theatre."

Among the guests, too, was Mr. Bret Harte, whose name as an author is among those best known in England; and Mr. Montague, formerly of the Prince of Wales Theatre, in London, who has become a great favourite in New York.

For two or three days after our arrival it did not cease to rain; previously to this the citizens had suffered much inconvenience from continued drought and excessive heat. Those rainy days were not without their pleasing variety: the newspapers said civil things about the Irish team and party, and we were visited by hosts of people. The leading men in New York united with the mechanics in giving us a hearty

welcome, and expressed great admiration for a country which could feel so warmly towards America as to pay them the compliment of a visit of this sort. Generally speaking, when Irish gentlemen visit America they are not recognized as having any particular interest in, or connection with, Ireland; but in this instance we were not only a party exclusively Irish, but were all from Ireland, a fact which we were by no means ashamed to own.

How often have I been disgusted at seeing Irishmen in London affecting to be Englishmen, with an Irish *parish* twang underlying a cockney sort of dialect! Such people, as well as others who ought to know better, I have heard turning their country into ridicule. An anecdote in illustration of what I say may not be amiss.

Travelling in the train from Wandsworth to London, not long since, I happened to have for fellow-passengers an elderly gentleman of staid and quiet deportment, as well as a younger man who seemed to be on rather friendly terms with him. The younger of the two was a slovenly looking fellow, of about thirty years of age; his clothes were unbrushed and his eyes bleared. Conversation was immediately commenced about Ireland, by a remark of the younger man to his companion, who had just purchased a property in one of the midland counties in Ireland:

I heard that you purchased *pwopety* near us; Do you intend going to live there?

Old Gentleman: I think not; but my daughter and

myself propose to visit the place during the summer, in preference to our annual tour abroad.

Younger Man: I think you will be disappointed. I *w*eside as little as possible in that *wetched* country. To the mise*w*able people who *w*eside there we may apply the memo*w*able words of our imma*w*tal Shakespeare, namely, "Every *pwospect* pleases, and only man is vile."

At this moment a loud explosion close to our carriage took-place, and immediately the natural man took the place of the would-be Englander. He jumped up and roared out, with a brogue which unmistakably fixed him to the locality he was discussing, "Oh, be the Lord! what's that?"

New York is peopled by the Irish to such an extent that the government of the locality depends chiefly upon their vote, and so far as I was able to judge, the Irish in New York are by far the most important portion of the foreign element there. The persons highest in office are Irish; many of the judges, the leading barristers, and the merchants of rank are Irish, foremost amongst them being our eminent countryman, Mr. A. T. Stewart. No Irishman will be dissatisfied with me for singling him out for notice: indeed, I could not do otherwise, because he proved himself to be a man entirely worthy of the great position he has achieved, as at once the richest and most successful merchant in the world, and one of the most benevolent of men. His reception of the Irish party was as kind as his hospitality to them was elegant. At his table we

met the *élite* of American Society, and the unostentatious attention he offered to us was such as not one of those who received it is likely ever to forget. I confess I admire Mr. Stewart much, and I regret that one so calculated as he is to be a valuable public man should still confine himself to the ordinary duties of his calling; because he possesses consummate ability, vast experience, and the soundest business habits, and combines with these advantages a manner the most conciliating and benevolent.

Shortly after our arrival, the Lord Mayor and Alderman Manning having visited the Mayor of New York, the city Corporation showed a public interest in our enterprise, and the Lord Mayor held a reception in the City Hall, of which many of our countrymen availed themselves. In the trip on the river, arranged by the Mayor and Corporation for the entertainment of our party, I was unable to take part, because it took place on one of our two practice days at Creedmoor. All the members not actually engaged in the shooting accompanied the excursion on the Hudson; they were treated to an entertainment such as civic dignitaries only can provide, and spent a most delightful day.

The New York clubs were prompt in their acts of courtesy. The Union Club offered us the privileges of their house; so also did the Travellers', the New York Club, the Army and Navy, and the Manhattan Club. To me all this attention, though most gratifying, was not altogether without an element of embarrassment. While this hospitality is as a rule

shown to foreigners who are considered entitled to such notice, still that the Irish team and party should have received this attention was embarrassing, on account of the awkwardness that must attend the want of a return compliment of the same description. Our clubs here are, for reasons which I need not discuss, unaccustomed to the intercourse that would induce such a courtesy, and I trust the want of it may not be misinterpreted. It is true our visitors may not care to avail themselves of any such privilege. In the case of the Irishmen, I do not believe that half a dozen of us visited the New York clubs; we were all too much engaged in the business for which we had come, and in seeing as much as we could within the short time at our disposal.

The officers and Members of the Harsimus Coye Abbatoir Musketeers invited me to attend as "honourable judge at their first annual target excursion, on Saturday, October 3, 1874." I was very sorry to be unable to comply with the request of the Abbatoir musketeers, but I had so many engagements that I was reluctantly obliged to ask Captain Orison McNeill to excuse me. I nevertheless considered it a great compliment to be selected for such a duty, and I am glad to have this opportunity of publicly acknowledging the intended honour.

On the 21st of September we visited the race track, as it is called, at Fleetwood Park, in order to see a trotting match for 10,000 dols., a sort of race which seems to be peculiar to the American side of the Atlantic. The drive through the Park to the course

was a most agreeable one: no expense had been spared in beautifying the place; the roads are broad, and without a pebble upon them to jolt the occupants of those light one-horse waggons which, usually weighing about one hundred pounds, seem to fly along the roads, drawn by the fastest trotting horses in the world.

The commencement of the proceedings was rather uninteresting. The number of false starts made it clear that the drivers had no wish to start, until the horse most likely to be irritated by being pulled up too frequently, had become so impatient as to make it difficult for his driver to preserve the trot, and prevent him from breaking into a gallop.

The vehicle contains a single seat, on which the driver sits, or rather *reclines*, with his feet pressed against a projection on the shafts, and the reins in both hands held so tightly that they seemed more like bars than leather straps. The trotting pace was wonderful; the mile being done in two minutes twenty seconds. Two minutes fourteen seconds is the fastest time on record. I cannot help thinking that this system of horse racing is more useful than ours, whatever may be the merits and advantages of the latter from other points of view. The trotter is a useful animal for general purposes, whereas our racer is really good for little else.

CHAPTER IV.

"An' I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challenged him."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE great International Match itself now claims our attention. This match was at once the most novel as well as interesting meeting of the kind which had ever been proposed. It was a meeting between the champions of America and Ireland, the two countries which profess to like one another best; nor is this merely a profession, for not only does Ireland, as the nearest of the European countries, send a large contingent across the Atlantic, but other causes also have arisen, in consequence of which a large and flourishing Irish population has taken deep root, and become in fact naturalized in America.

I had heard much of the danger of allowing myself and my party to become associated with any political section of the community in New York; and some well-intentioned people gave me much advice as to the proper method of procedure and my choice of associates. I was informed that I should be surrounded by people desirous of making political capital of myself and my expedition, and that it was impossible for me to avoid being exposed to such danger. Well, this was all alarming enough, espe-

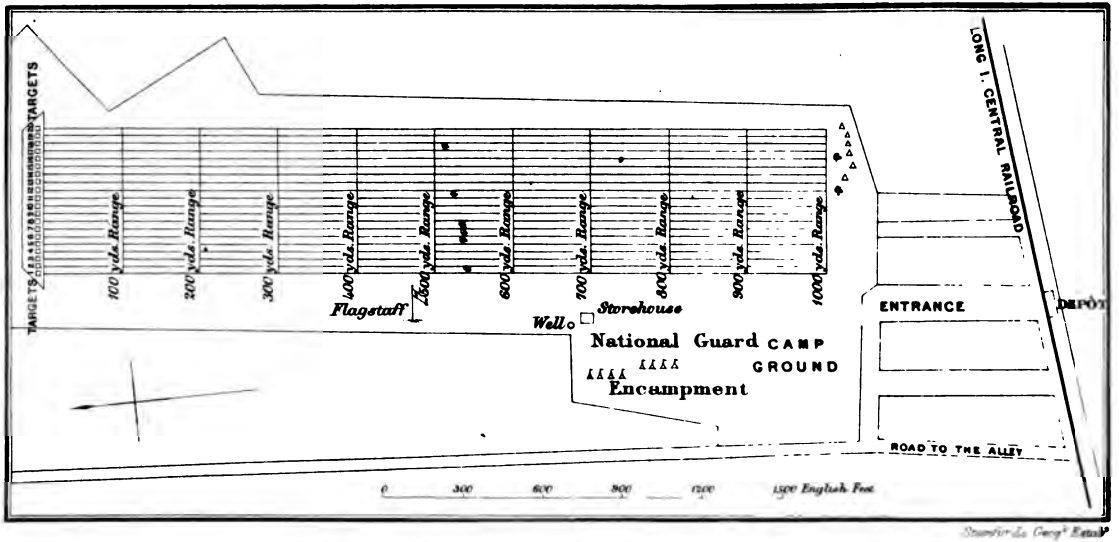
cially as I was engaged in a purely philanthropic undertaking, having no other objects to attain than success for my team, or rather for Ireland, and the improvement of the friendly relations already existing between the two countries. Under these circumstances, while willing to attend to any friendly suggestion, I ventured to think that the object which took me to America was not calculated to excite the political prejudices of any class, but rather to soothe asperities, if any such existed, and to induce goodwill. Thus I relied upon my countrymen in America (although it was against them that I was particularly warned) to protect and support an undertaking which was conceived in the friendliest spirit. Nor was this confidence misplaced; and never have I felt so proud of being an Irishman as since my return from America.

In giving an account of the matches and the proceedings connected therewith, I shall quote somewhat extensively from the reports of my American press friends, who were so kind to the Irish team and to myself personally; and if the reproduction of their quaint and original remarks in my unpretending record affords these gentlemen any satisfaction, I shall be pleased indeed. From our first landing and up to the hour of our departure, our movements were indefatigably attended, and nothing was left undone to make us feel that we were for the time national as well as popular guests.

The annexed plan gives a perfect idea of the Creedmoor grounds, and shows clearly the number of

THE CREEDMOOR CONTEST.

Plan showing the scene of the International Shooting Match between the Irish and American teams.



London; Edward Stanford, 55, Charing Cross, S.W.

ranges and the position of the targets. The targets, numbered from 1 to 14, are employed for ranges under 600 yards, and were not used on the day of the match. The shooting was all done on the upper side of the field. The Irish team used targets 16 and 17, and the Americans, 19 and 20. The position of the first range, of 800 yards; the second, of 900 yards; and the third, of 1000 yards, as shot on the day of the match, are shown in the plan.

The first look at the Creedmoor Rifle Ranges, on the 18th of September, was by no means encouraging. The weather on that day reminded me so much of the damp days of our own dear "Green Isle," on many of which I had seen our Irish champions, undeterred by the elements, competing at the North Bull Ranges, that I almost wished the match had taken place there and then. I venture—not ill-naturedly, of course—to say that if this had been the case, the Irish team would have been "at home" and the Americans "at sea." The 'New York Sun' describes this first visit as a "thoroughly Hibernian feat." Starting, as they did, to see Creedmoor and not seeing it, "I guess" the Americans who went with them "were in the same boat," and as strongly objected to plod through "pulpy mud" as their Irish friends, while they were equally unable to see through blinding torrents of rain.

The excursion was organized by the Long Island Railway Company, and despite wind and weather, the day was made highly agreeable by the hospitality of our friends, who did all they could—I do

not say with any malicious intent—to "kill their guests with kindness."

The first actual appearance of the Irish team, or any of the Irish visitors at Creedmoor, was on Saturday, the 19th of September, when several of them entered for the "Remington Diamond Badge Match," the conditions being 500, 800, and 1000 yards, seven shots at each range, with the Remington breech-loading rifle. The Irishmen had been elected honorary members of the American Amateur Rifle Club; and, as the 'New York Herald' puts it, "for the fun of the thing," a few of them entered upon the contest with, to them, an unknown weapon, "to ascertain how the American breech-loader worked." It is unnecessary for me to say that men with strange rifles, however skilful shots they may be, can never attempt to compete with a reasonably fair marksman who knows his weapon, even though it may be comparatively an indifferent arm. The Irishmen were therefore amongst the lowest on the list of competitors; only two of them—Dr. Hamilton and Mr. Waterhouse—were amongst the dozen who were allowed to compete at the 1000 yards range. Some of the Americans made splendid scores, notably Messrs. L. L. Hepburn, D. Walsh, A. V. Caulfield, J. T. B. Collins, and H. A. Gildersleeve, whose scores went within a few points of the largest possible.

On Tuesday, September 24, the rival teams, to use sporting phraseology, had their "preliminary canter," and I have no doubt that the splendid scoring made on both sides, equal to anything ever

before that time recorded, very much increased the excitement and interest in the coming Great International Match. It showed that Ireland had not sent over unworthy representatives, and that the American champions were no mere tyros at the long ranges. Indeed, Mr. Henry Fulton made the rather remarkable score of 168 out of a possible 180, a feat which, although it was afterwards surpassed in the great match by himself, had never before been achieved, even at Wimbledon. The highest scores ever made there in the International Match under the same conditions were by Mr. James Wilson (of the present Irish team), and Mr. R. S. Joyce, of Belfast, each of these gentlemen, on his first essay at Wimbledon, having scored 161. My friends of the team say, however, that owing to the exceedingly clear atmosphere, fine "shooting light," admirable ranges, and steadiness of wind at Creedmoor, it is much easier to make a grand score there, than either at Wimbledon, which has its difficulties, or at the North Bull, which is exposed to all the influences of wind and weather.

The following are the scores of the two teams, six Irishmen, and eight Americans:

SCORE OF THE IRISH TEAM.

	800 yds.	900 yds.	1000 yds.	Total.
J. Wilson	54	57	47	158
Capt. Walker ..	54	51	52	157
E. Johnson	55	53	49	157
John Rigby ..	57	51	49	157
Dr. Hamilton ..	57	53	46	156
J. K. Millner ..	51	52	48	151

SCORE OF THE AMERICAN TEAM.

	800 yds.	900 yds.	1000 yds.	Total.
Henry Fulton ..	57	55	56	168
John Bodine ..	54	50	54	158
T. S. Dakin ..	56	54	48	158
J. T. B. Collins ..	55	47	54	156
L. L. Hepburn ..	53	55	48	156
H. A. Gildersleeve	52	52	50	154
G. W. Yale.. ..	54	50	46	150
E. H. Sanford ..	48	52	44	144

In this trial the Americans had the advantage, and the 'New York Sun' records the result as "the most accurate shooting up to that time made at Creedmoor." As a noteworthy fact I may mention here, that in the course of this practice Mr. Yale, of the American team, and Mr. Millner, of my team, made bull's-eyes on the wrong target—a mistake which, unfortunately for our side, the latter repeated on the match day.

The evening before the match, to give our riflemen a quiet night and avoid hurry and a long journey in the morning, I sent them down to Garden City, which is twenty miles from New York, and six beyond Creedmoor. They put up at the Garden City Hotel, and after dinner some of them amused themselves at the billiard-table, whilst others took a stroll through this embryo city, the property of our countryman, Mr. A. T. Stewart, of New York. It is all laid out in walks, parks, fountains, streets, and squares, but as yet the houses are few. The hotel is a good one, and had then few visitors. The sheriff of those parts, hearing that the Irish visitors were there, proceeded to the hotel with a few of his friends. He

proved to be a striking specimen of the convivial class, and doubtless expected to meet men who would soon "put him under the table." In the excess of his hospitality he tried to place them there, but to his horror found that they either did not drink at all, or that they would only indulge in "the cup that cheers but does not inebriate." However, this did not deter him from his kindly intentions, and in the end he harangued the team in the billiard-room before an admiring crowd, stating that he should not be at all surprised if we were beaten—that in his opinion he "guessed we did not drink enough."

Early to bed was the order of this night. It was fearfully hot. Bedroom windows were thrown up as high as they could go, and every precaution taken to procure refreshing sleep, with but partial success. The principal obstacle to repose was the noise made by the grasshoppers—a sound new to Irish ears. Imagine a cordon of sewing-machines drawn right round the house at about twenty yards' distance and worked all night, and you may conceive the annoyance of this American plague—the sound produced being very similar. This grasshopper is, in fact, the locust of ancient Egypt, and "out West," last year, these insects alighted overnight on farms and homesteads in such enormous numbers, that before the succeeding night they had devoured the unfortunate farmer's entire crops in the ground and in the barn—in fact, eaten him "out of house and home."

The eventful morning came, and the heavy mist,

unstirred by a breath of air, betokened a hot day. Soon, however, the mist rolled away, and the sun shone out with almost tropical power.

Breakfast was announced, and the members of the team made their appearance, each with his rifle, on which he had been putting "finishing touches." They then betook themselves to the railway station, to meet the 9.20 A.M. train, and reached Creedmoor in about fifteen minutes.

Although my faith was not shaken in my own men, I was far from confident of victory. I believed that the result would be very close indeed; but the fact that the match was, after all our trouble, actually about to come off, outweighed unpleasant forebodings, and I felt that, whether victorious or defeated, we had made a step forward towards a friendly hand-grasping with our American cousins.

There were of our party Lord and Lady Massereene; the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and the other ladies who had accompanied us; Alderman Manning; Mr. H. H. Foster, Hon. Sec. Irish Rifle Association; Mr. J. A. Doyle, Mr. J. Kelly, Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Bagnell, Mr. E. Burke Kelly, Mr. Thomas Kelly (Reserves), and Mr. Lloyd. I may be pardoned if I say that on that important day I felt proud of the "Irish Volunteers"—their calm, cool, unboastful bearing, and their pleasing as well as imposing *personnel* being such as would win favour from strangers at a glance. Their manner was as easy and they were as self-possessed as I had often seen them when shooting friendly matches amongst themselves at the North Bull; but there was

THE AMERICAN TEAM.

evidently a quiet determination to exert themselves to the uttermost for the honour of Ireland.

Of course, the Irish team and visitors had been interviewed, and pen-and-ink sketches of them published, while a similar course was adopted as regards the American six. It may not be amiss to renew the memory of our readers as to the names of the competitors on both sides, through the medium of the 'New York Mercury.' The following categorical descriptions strongly reminded me of the Police 'Hue and Cry' in Ireland:

"*Personnel of the American Team.*

"Mr. Fulton is a surveyor by profession, and is a lieutenant in the 12th Regiment. He is 28 years old, is of medium height, weighs about 145 pounds. He proved himself to be the best shot in the world yesterday. He served during the late war as a lieutenant in the 21st New York Cavalry. His manner of shooting is his own. Lying on his back, he draws his feet up, places the barrel of the rifle between his crossed legs, puts his left arm behind his neck, holding the butt of the gun in his left hand. He pulls the trigger with his right hand, the elbow resting on the ground.

"Colonel John Bodine is 48 years old. He lives in Highland, Ulster County, N. Y. He was formerly colonel of the 19th New York Militia, now commanded by Colonel Dalkey. He is over 6 feet high, well proportioned, and straight as an Indian. He shoots in the face-downward position, taking deliberate aim, and talks but little. He has the finest

collection of firearms, perhaps, of any gentleman in the State.

"T. S. Dakin is a brigadier-general in the New York Militia, is 43 years old, weighs 220 pounds. He has seen service in the war, shoots in the face-downward position, and nearly always hits the bull's-eye.

"Mr. Hepburn is 42 years old, 5 feet 9 inches high, weighs about 160 pounds, and has sandy hair and whiskers.

"Mr. Gildersleeve is a lawyer, and lieutenant-colonel of the 12th Regiment. He is 33 years old, is of medium height, heavily built, and although a young rifleman, is a first-class one. He enlisted during the late war in the 150th New York Regiment, was at Gettysburg, became provost-marshal of the 20th Army Corps, and subsequently marched with Sherman to the sea.

"Mr. Yale is 48 years old. He shoots in a somewhat similar position to that of Mr. Fulton. Mr. Yale made the second best score yesterday.

"*Personnel of the Irish Team.*

"Mr. Rigby is 44 years old. He is Master of Arts in Trinity College, Dublin. He is about 5 feet 11 inches in height, well proportioned, and carries himself erect.

"Mr. Wilson is a Belfast merchant, and is about 26 years old. He is of medium height, and dark complexion.

"Dr. John B. Hamilton, a surgeon in the British Army, is about 36 years old. He is of medium height, well built, has grey eyes, light, short-cut

THE IRISH TEAM

RIGBY. THE CAPTAIN OF THE TEAM.

WILSON. JOHNSON. MILLNER. WALKER. HAMILTON.

hair, and a mustache to suit. He was champion of India in 1870. In three days' shooting, during an annual contest, he is said to have fired over 300 shots without missing the target once.

"Mr. Millner is a Dublin wool merchant, and is about 24 years old. He is tall and slender, has dark brown hair, and wears side whiskers and mustache similar to the Emperor William. Mr. Millner's position in shooting is peculiar. He lies upon his back, drawing his feet up partly. The muzzle of his rifle rests firmly between the toes of his shoes, the butt placed firmly in the right armpit. He grasps the stock firmly with his left hand, pulling the trigger, of course, with the right. The near sight of his rifle is about an inch from the butt, which is another peculiarity.

"Mr. Johnson is a Dublin jeweller, and is about 26 years old. He has not been in good health since his arrival, but shot well yesterday.

"Captain Philip Walker is about 35 years old, and lives in Kilkenny County. He is a captain in Her Majesty's 34th Regiment."

I now come to the description of the match itself, and as that has been so admirably described by the American Press, I prefer giving extracts from their reports to entering upon any laboured disquisition of my own. But first of all I must bear my testimony to the excellence of the arrangements in every way, to the attention and kindness shown to the visitors, and to the abundant hospitality extended to us all.

In the words of the 'American Sportsman,' "the targets had been admirably arranged, Nos. 19 and

20 being grouped into one brace, and Nos. 16 and 17 into another. No. 18 being omitted, left a break which easily allowed the distinctness of targets to be observed. Colonel Wingate, the captain of the American team, took charge of the preliminary arrangements. Two gentlemen, one from each party, were sent down to the butts to sit there and see that the markers did their duty and at once decide upon any disputed shot; a pair sat at each target, and their weary duties were most admirably performed. Besides these a gentleman from each side was put at each target as a 'spotter.' Armed with a good glass, these kept a keen watch upon the target and decided whether the shots had been correctly signalled. Scorers were appointed, one from each side for each target, whereby duplicate sets of scores were received, which were compared at the close of the shooting. Major Leech, who had won the choice of target, chose Nos. 16 and 17, the Americans taking the right-hand group. On target 16, Messrs. Rigby, Walker, and Hamilton were stationed; on No. 17, Messrs. Millner, Wilson, and Johnson. The Americans were divided into Sharpe and Remington riflemen; the Sharpe men, Yale, Hepburn, Gildersleeve, and Dakin taking target No. 20; while Hepburn, Bodin, and Fulton took No. 19. This was the arrangement at the opening of the shooting. When the call was given to open, the wind was almost at a lull, and throughout the day, although the vane pointed at different hours in directly contrary directions, the wind was not strong

Badge Presented by Major Leech to the Gentlemen who assisted in keeping score at Firing Points — and in checking Marking in Butts.

enough to require any but the most delicate manipulation of the wind gauges.

"The light was excellent, and the targets scarcely looked half their distance away. The people were admirably behaved from the first to the last, and the services of the police, captain and officers, who had been brought up from New York to the range, were not once called into active play to regulate any boisterous or riotous demonstration. The shooting at the first range occupied over an hour and a half. The shooting went steadily on without a break or a flaw, a machine-like precision governed the raising and lowering of the marking discs, and without a grumble or hint of dissatisfaction the 800 yards range closed, and the footing up showed 326 for the Americans, and 317 for the Irish. Lunch was then the order of the hour, the crowd at large pouring away to the booths and refreshment stands, while the shooters, the ladies of the Irish and American parties, and prominent citizens and press-men, assembled in a large open tent, where a fine collation had been provided.

"After lunch, a surprise was awaiting both teams in a courteous act of generosity by Major Leech, who, rising in his place, said that he had resolved to afford himself the opportunity of discharging a further duty, and it would have been particularly gratifying to him if the occasion had been more public. When the Irish team came to this great country they naturally expected that they would be received with a great deal of courtesy and kind attention, but he

would say that if they had had the one-twentieth part of the hospitality extended to them, it would have been far in excess of what they anticipated. On behalf of the Irish riflemen he would say that they were deeply sensible of and greatly impressed with the kindness and consideration shown them on the occasion of their visit to America. (Applause.) The result of the match—while both sides were of course anxious to win—he held to be of complete insignificance, as weighed with the circumstances of their visit in making acquaintances and meeting their countrymen on this side of the Atlantic. (Applause.) He would like under the circumstances to leave his friends in America a little souvenir of the visit of the Irish team, to be shot for on any terms that might be deemed advisable. (Here Major Leech uncovered a beautiful silver pitcher, exquisitely worked and surmounted by a little silver tower, representative of the famous old towers of Ireland.) He went on to say that it was made of Irish silver and wrought in Ireland. It was as Irish as the rifles they shot with and as the hearts that beat in the bosoms of the marksmen. It was indeed racy of the soil. He begged the Amateur Rifle Club to accept it, with his goodwill, and he would take the liberty of reading the inscription: 'Presented for competition to the riflemen of America, by Arthur Blennerhassett Leech, Captain of the International Team of Riflemen, on the occasion of their visit to New York, 1874.' (Cheers.) The blank space remained for


PRESENTED FOR COMPETITION
TO THE
RIFLEMEN OF AMERICA
BY
ARTHUR BLENNERHASSETT LEECH
CAPTAIN OF THE INTERNATIONAL
TEAM OF RIFLEMEN
ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR VISIT TO
NEW YORK
1874

themselves to fill up, and he hoped that the best man would win it. (Applause.) He trusted that in times to come they would have the opportunity of meeting frequently under the same happy circumstances as now marked the visit of the Irish riflemen. (Applause.)

"The Irish vase is a fine affair in hammered silver, the sides being covered with varied clusters of roses and shamrocks in bas-relief, the inscription above quoted being enclosed in a wreath of flowers; the whole height of the affair, with the stand, is about fifteen inches.

"Colonel Wingate responded in acknowledgment of the acceptance of this gift by the American riflemen. He said it gave him great pleasure, on behalf of the Amateur Rifle Club, to accept the very handsome present which had been so graciously tendered. He was not wholly unprepared for something of the kind, but he nevertheless found himself at a loss to give expression to his thanks in view of the beautiful souvenir which had just been tendered. When the match was first arranged, the American team had never calculated on anything more than a creditable display on their own part and such as would encourage future contests; but they were determined, even if they did not succeed, that Americans would not be surpassed in courtesy, hospitality, and kindness. (Applause.) He regretted to say that he now found himself making a speech, for he had two speeches ready—one to deliver in case the American riflemen won, and the other in case they lost

(laughter)—and he was afraid if he proceeded much further he would spoil both of them. Whatever might be the result of the contest, he was certain it would establish more friendly relationship among the two teams. He concluded by assuring the party that when they left America their memories would be kept fresh and green in the hearts of their competitors. (Applause.)

"Colonel Wingate was then formally decorated by Major Leech with a personal medal, and amid cheers the party emerged into the open field."

The kindness that dictated this report speaks for itself, and requires no remarks from me.

I quote the description of the shooting at the 900 and 1000 yards ranges from the 'World,' Sept. 27:

"These little civilities were soon over, and with reciprocal cheers the riflemen again returned to the work before the targets at 900 yards. Here the two parties brought themselves down to work in dead earnest, the Irishmen to wipe out the balance of nine points against them, and the Americans to raise their advantage as high as their skill would permit. Here the Irishmen seemed to be the superior, and at the announcement of the result of the fifteen shots, it was seen that the Irish had made 312 points, while the American team had scored but 310. Both sets of men had fallen away, but the visitors seemed best able to overcome the difficulties of this medium and awkward range. Their gain of two points still left them seven points behind at the aggregate score, but the 1000 yards range still remained, and

at this distance the Irish were confessedly superior. The spirits of the Irish backers were raised, and at the same time the determination of the American riflemen to win, or die game. The Irish riflemen themselves, however, did not seem so sanguine. From the very start, or at least as soon as it was known that they were some points behind, they seemed to shoot with a sullen display of grit. They consulted one with another in whispers, and went to and from the firing-rug without a glance or outward notice of the immense throng present. Large beads of perspiration stood out upon their foreheads, and at every instant's grace from loading or firing they dodged under the umbrellas with which they were provided. With the prospect of a stern chase, and to them an uncomfortably hot day, they were under a load which even their superior science and long experience could not remove. The fight, however, was a desperate one. Slowly they stretched themselves along the ground, steadily they took aim, care and deliberation marked every step, and that they were doing their very best is evidenced in the fact that by their own admissions they had never surpassed their record of yesterday. The excellence of one team seemed to inoculate the other with the fever of luck and skill, and while the Americans forged ahead until at one stage in the match they were fourteen points ahead, the Irishmen closed the gap, and at their finish, which occurred several shots before their rivals, it was actually found that they were ahead. Then came the critical moment of the

whole day's sport. The Irishmen had done their work — had placed themselves upon the record beyond possibility of change, and the Americans had yet several shots to make. Lieutenant Fulton asked to know the opposite score before firing his last shot, and as a consequence of his anxiety and worry made a centre, leaving the Irishmen one point ahead. Only the few scorers and counters were aware of this. In the rapidity of the closing shots the crowd had lost track of the course of things, and it was not generally known that the Americans were behind. Had it been so it is not unlikely that the excitement would have run so high as to destroy the steadiness of the one American upon whom the national chances now depended. Colonel Bodine had not yet shot. If he missed this his last trial, the Americans lost the prize by but one point. If he made a 'bull's-eye' four would be added to their aggregate, and their opponents would be left three points in the rear. Knowing this, and with the blood running across his hand from a wound received from a broken ginger-ale bottle a few moments before, Colonel Bodine stretched himself carefully out, grasped his familiar weapon with a firm hand, and taking a long, steady aim, fired. The crowd stood, not one moved, several thousand pair of eyes fixed upon one little point a half mile off, looking for the metal disc which indicates the opening of the trap for the marking of a shot. 'There it is!' cried one; and in a second more the white bull's-eye disc came slowly up, as if from a weary marker's hand, and

rested plainly before the bull's-eye, covering its blackness from the gladdened eyes of at least half the crowd. No sooner had the mere edge of the disc appeared than such a shout went up as notified to all those on the range that the match was over. No need of asking who had won—the character of the cry told it at once. Everybody looked upon Colonel Bodine as in some measure the saviour of the national honour, when in fact he had simply fired, by mere chance, the closing shot. Had it not been for the almost marvellously perfect score of the leading American shot, the Americans must have been beaten, not badly, but as well and as completely as they are now the vanquishers. One of the usual blunders, which accompany rifle shooting, attended General Dakin, of the American side. In his fourth shot at 900 yards the cartridge happened to be defective from a hidden flaw in the composition of the bullet. The instant it left the rifle's mouth the fact was patent in the wabbling flight and different sound of the 'whistle' made by the missile in its passage through the air. The number of outers also points out the general degree of perfection attained by the contestants. The whole six Irishmen in a total of 270 shots made but five outers and six misses, while the Americans out of the same number of shots have recorded ten outers and six misses. The prediction of the 'World' that the Irishmen were the better marksmen at 1000 yards is verified in the result. Starting at that range with seven odds against them, they closed up and ran one ahead

just before the close. It is fair to assume that those making the best score at 1000 yards are the superior riflemen, and are able to do equally good work at 800 and 900 yards. The Irish yesterday actually beat the American team at the most difficult range. They did not prove equally successful at the lesser distances. Had the day been a cool, cloudy day, with more wind, the victory would not have been so cheaply won. At one time, when for a few moments a cloud covered the targets, the shots made were a succession of bull's-eyes. Though the Americans are victorious on a show of totals, the Irish really accomplished the finest feats of marksmanship. As soon as the day's work was over a few moments' examination of the score tickets served to convince Major Leech that no error had been made in the computations. The winning team were then called together and addressed by Mr. Leech, in the presentation of novel badges. These were the emblems described in the 'World' some days ago as intended for the winning riflemen. In a few words the Lady Massereene was introduced, and by her hands were the several badges attached to the breasts of the several winners. Cheers for one and the other, cheers for the Irish and cheers for the home team, with an extra round for General Shaler, who had filled the honorary office of umpire during the day, and a general rush was made for the homeward-bound cars. Here a most unfortunate miscalculation had occurred, and a three hours' ride, at a snail's pace, in crowded, dark, and creaking cars over the


AMERICA

thirteen miles between Creedmoor and the city, was the finish of an excellent afternoon's enjoyment. One man was seriously injured in grasping too eagerly and recklessly for a place on the cars. As showing the closeness of the two teams to each other, the following table, indicating their relative standing at the conclusion of each five shots, is given:

Yards.	Rounds.	Irish Total.	American Total.	Difference.
800.. ..	5	100	106	6
	10	206	215	9
	15	317	326	9
900.. ..	20	413	427	14
	25	527	535	8
	30	629	636	7
1000.. ..	35	732	734	2
	40	831	838	7
	45	931	934	3
		4,586.	4,651.	65

In order to give a description in detail of various matters of interest that occurred during the match, I quote the 'New York Herald.'

For every rifleman there was printed a diminutive *fac simile* of his target, with the positions in which every shot struck it. Mr. J. Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the 'Herald,' has kindly given me the copperplates from which the diagrams were taken, and I have pleasure in reproducing them here. I append the report with as little elimination as possible:

"There were to riflemen and military men questions of grave importance underlying the struggle between the twelve men who were doing battle for

the fame of Ireland and America, and to the men who watched closely the progress of the contest the value of the so-called improvements effected of late years in small arms for military purposes must have appeared extremely doubtful. In England for many years there has been in progress a battle between muzzle-loaders and breech-loaders, and each has found its strong supporters. It was at first thought impossible to construct a breech-loading gun that would fire as accurately as the muzzle-loader, but the experiments yesterday showed clearly that this was not quite correct. The trial would, however, have been more satisfactory in its results had Lieutenant Fulton, who made with the Remington breech-loader the highest score ever made, not charged it as a muzzle-loader. In one point the muzzle-loader effectually established its superiority as a military service arm. After every shot the marksmen using the breech-loading rifle were obliged to wipe out their weapons with painful care; while the Irish, who used the Rigby muzzle-loader, fired their whole score without once cleaning out their rifles. Nor did the accuracy of their shooting seem to suffer in the least. On the contrary, their best scoring was made on the last range. It was noticeable that they were able to fire more rapidly than their adversaries. With the breech-loader the marksman is compelled to wipe out carefully his barrel after every shot, under pain of making inaccurate shooting. In target shooting this is not much disadvantage, but in the field it would be impossible for troops to stop and clean out

their weapons after every shot. The result would inevitably be that after a few rounds all existing breech-loaders would become fouled and unreliable as the old musket, while troops armed with muzzle-loaders would continue during action with the same accuracy as when they first opened fire.

"The outward conditions under which the contest took place were more favourable to the spectators than to the marksmen. From the point where the red flags marked the position to be taken up by the firing squads, spread out an immense rectangular lawn, terminated by a range of targets, behind which rose up the massive earth mound which the unskilful marksman makes a billet for his lead, smooth, well-nigh, as the face of a billiard-board; not a wild flower nor a blade of grass peeped up to intercept the vision. Everywhere along the greensward was visible the mark of the mowing machines, that made sad havoc among the humble field-flowers. No one, however, seemed to regret the flowers, but every marksman's eye lighted up as he looked along that level track, with outspoken promise of a fair field and no favour. Like most pictures, it had its shady side. The hot sun poured down on the open space with more than September zeal, and the slight exhalation far down near the targets told the practised eye that the mirage would be likely to bother the riflemen a good deal. What wind there was blew up the range in the direction of the targets, with a scarcely perceptible drift to the right. So far everything was as the American team could have wished

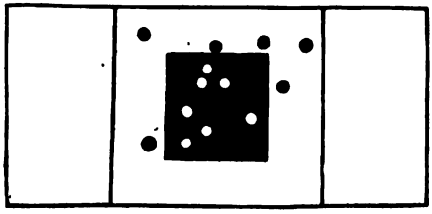
it—a total absence of wind and a mirage doubly deceptive to the strangers.

"Under this aspect of affairs the competing teams took their places at the firing points. The American party being assigned to 19 and 20, the latter being looked upon as the most favourable to good shooting. On the practice days these targets had been occupied by the Irish, but having won the toss for choice of place they voluntarily chose 16 and 17, the intervening target (18) being thrown down, so as to prevent mistakes in firing at wrong targets. The object of the change was made visible during the progress of the match, as by it the Irish team obtained the shelter of a large tree that stands at the 1000 yards range. It was evident from the moment the Irish marksmen appeared on the ground that they suffered considerable inconvenience from the unusual heat. By the aid of friendly umbrellas they endeavoured as much as possible to shield themselves from the sun.

"Considerable delay occurred in beginning the firing, both teams being apparently desirous to wait for the other to open fire. Every one busied himself cleaning or discharging his rifle, so as not to have too much the air of waiting for the other. At this time the large crowd of people gathered on the grounds had swelled to at least 8000. They now gathered closely around the semicircular rope which had been placed as a barrier to preserve the firing parties from interruption. As the preparations to begin proceeded, the boisterous conversation

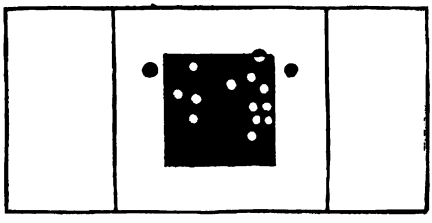
gradually ceased, and the immense assemblage waited with bated breath for the shot which should announce that the match was entered upon. Impatient of waiting for the Americans, the Irish, with characteristic pluck, began the contest. The distribution of the marksmen was as follows: Captain Walker, J. Rigby, and J. B. Hamilton occupied 16; J. Wilson, J. K. Millner, and E. Johnson, 17; H. Fulton, J. Bodine, and L. L. Hepburn, 19; Colonel Gildersleeve, G. W. Yale, and T. S. Dakin, 20.

CAPTAIN WALKER'S SCORE AT EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS.



0 3 4 3 4 0 3 4 3 4 3 4 4 4 3—46

J. B. HAMILTON'S SCORE AT EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS.

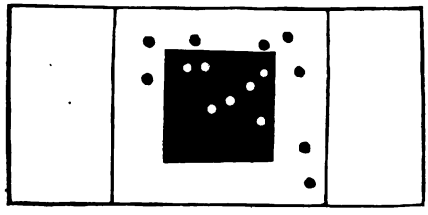


4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 4—58

"The third figure of the remarkable group forming the left of the line of fire was Mr. John Rigby, of the

famous firm of Irish gunmakers whose saw-handled pistols were in pretty frequent requisition in the good old 'pistols and coffee time.' But, though the circumstances of the times have changed, the position of the gunmaking firm of the Irish metropolis, in reference to the sporting gentry of Ireland, has not changed a whit. The sons go to the house for their twist-barrelled fowling-pieces and long-range rifles, which have superseded 'the saw handles,' but that is about all. Mr. Rigby must be close on 6 feet in height, and is strongly built. He is one of the steadiest and most reliable, though not the most brilliant, shot of the team. Opening with three centres, he at last found the bull's-eye, and he succeeded in getting seven shots on the bull's-eye, closing with a score of 52. The shots were well grouped, showing slight deviations. His method of shooting is lying face downward, in the position already described.

JOHN RIGBY'S SCORE AT EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS.

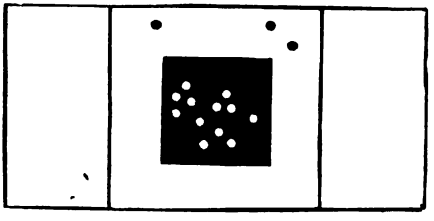


3 3 3 4 3 4 3 3 4 3 3 4 4 4 4—52

"While the gentlemen on target 16 were struggling to make good the points lost in the opening of

the match, their comrades on 17 were shooting with splendid precision. J. K. Millner opening with a centre, followed with a bull's-eye and two centres. Having got his elevation correctly, he then began to score bull's-eyes, and succeeded in closing his score with 11 consecutive bull's-eyes. This was the most brilliant feat of the day, for although both Lieutenant Fulton and Dr. Hamilton made one point more than Mr. Millner at this range, neither of them made so well-sustained an effort. The way, too, in which the shots were grouped on the bull's-eye shows the truest shooting of the day. The 11 shots are grouped closely round the centre of the bull's-eye, showing a marvellous correctness of aim. Mr. Millner's manner of shooting is peculiar. He lies on his back, with the butt of his rifle resting on the hollow of his shoulder while the barrel rests on his toe. In order to enable him to take aim, the back

J. K. Millner's Score at Eight Hundred Yards.



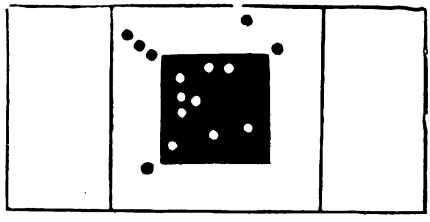
3 4 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—57

sight of the rifle is placed near the heel-plate. The position is neither very graceful nor does it appear very solid. It possesses the disadvantage that the

rifleman can only see one object, and in target-shooting it exposes him to the danger of shooting at the wrong target. This peculiarity of the posture was illustrated only too forcibly for the comfort of the Irish team by Mr. Millner in the present contest, as it caused him to throw away a shot that would have secured the victory for his comrades.

"One of the men of the Irish team who strove hardest for victory was Mr. James Wilson, one of the younger men grouped at target 17. He had the good luck to open the score with a splendid bull's-eye, and did not make a single outer or miss at any of the ranges. He adopts the mode of lying on his face to shoot, and grasps his rifle with great firmness. He fires slowly and with great deliberation. He proved himself one of the most reliable men of the Irish party. He is of medium stature, strongly built.

JAMES WILSON'S SCORE AT EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS.

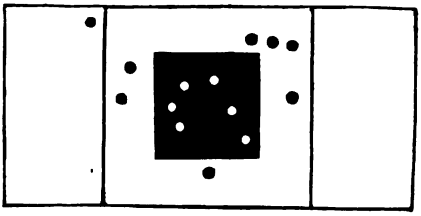


4 3 4 3 3 3 4 3 4 4 4 3 4 4 4—54

"Mr. E. Johnson, whose state of health interfered very much with the reliability of his shooting, completed the Irish team. He shoots in a similar position to Mr. Millner. His shooting on an average was

very good. He made no misses, and but one outer, making a fair score.

EDMUND JOHNSON'S SCORE AT EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS.



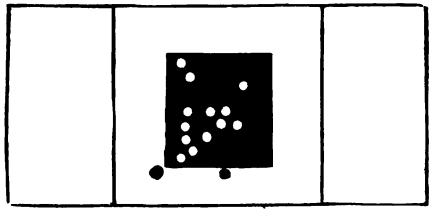
4 3 4 2 3 3 4 4 4 3 3 3 3 4 3—50

"THE AMERICAN TEAM.

"During the memorable contest of Saturday the success of the American team depended chiefly on one man, and had he failed to fulfil the expectations formed of him, nothing could have saved the Americans from defeat. Lieutenant Fulton, by profession a civil engineer, had steadily advanced to the front place in the American team, and the wonderful score made by him on the Thursday preceding the match placed him in the front rank of the world's marksmen. But would he be able to sustain the position? Would he repeat that wonderful score? These were the questions which the friends of the competing teams asked each other anxiously when the first shot was fired; and a tall, spare man, clad in blue flannel, rose from his seat and moved to his position at the firing point, looking as cool and collected as if nothing depended on what he was about to do. Lying down on his back

and crossing his legs, Mr. Fulton turns slightly to the right, placing the butt of his rifle over his right shoulder, resting against his cheek. The barrel rests in the V formed by his crossed legs, finding a remarkably solid support. The left hand is pressed behind the neck, grasping the heel of the butt, holding it firmly against the cheek. In this way the rifle is held as in a vice, and the marksman proceeds to take aim coolly and with the greatest deliberation. When the aim is completed the trigger is pulled by the right hand, kept free for the purpose, and five times out of six the white disc comes up in response. Mr. Fulton has shown himself among the most reliable shots that we have any knowledge of. The accuracy of the shooting in the annexed diagram is almost as great as could be obtained by firing the rifle from a vice. The rifle he uses is a Remington. He loads it, however, at the muzzle.

HENRY FULTON'S SCORE AT EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS.

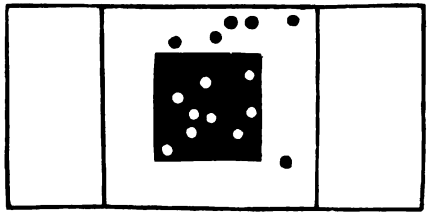


4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 3—58

"Colonel John Bodine, who was destined by fate to fire the winning shot in the famous International contest, is an old man who must be closing rapidly towards the sixties. He wears blue spectacles while

firing, and when cleaning and examining his gun is obliged to use additional glasses owing to his near-sightedness. He is over 6 feet in height, and stands erect as a poplar tree. While firing he adopts the same position as Dr. Hamilton and Mr. Rigby. Like Fulton, he shoots with the Remington breech-loader.

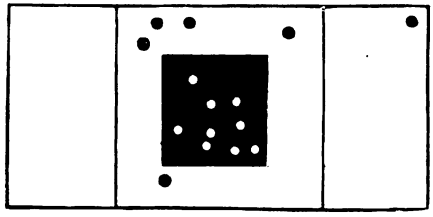
COLONEL JOHN BODINE'S SCORE AT EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS.



3 3 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 4—54

"The group firing with the Remington rifle is completed by Mr. Hepburn, foreman of the Remington mechanical department. He shot well, with one outer,

L. L. HEPBURN'S SCORE AT EIGHT HUNDRED YARDS.



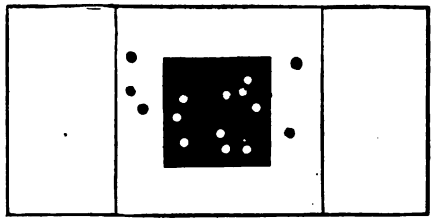
3 3 4 4 4 2 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 4 3—53

making a total of 53. He is well advanced in life, but not old, cool and imperturbable in temperament.

"On target No. 20 were grouped the three men who preferred to use Sharpe's sporting rifle. At their head was G. W. Yale, an *employé* of Sharpe's

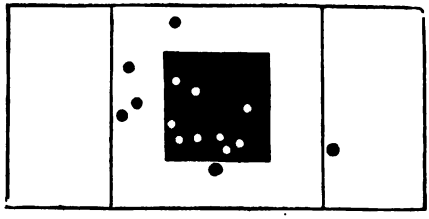
factory, a dark, robust-looking man, with plenty of grit in his composition. He made remarkably good shooting, and contributed largely to the victory gained by making the second highest score. The accompanying diagram shows the excellent quality of his shooting. He lies down, slightly turned to the right, and supports his rifle over the left knee. The position looks uncomfortable.

G. W. Yale's Score at Eight Hundred Yards.



3 3 3 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—55

Colonel Gildersleeve's Score at Eight Hundred Yards.

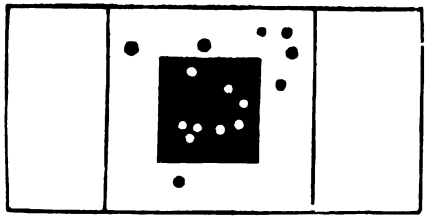


3 4 4 4 2 4 4 3 4 4 4 3 3 4 3—53

"He prefers to fire lying on his face. The Colonel is a young man, in the prime of life. He is of medium height, but of powerful frame. His shooting made a very good average, but showed a tendency to scatter.

"General Dakin, the sixth member of the American team, is a hearty, well-preserved man of some fifty summers. He shoots lying on his stomach, his rifle grasped firmly in the left hand. He is a steady, but not a brilliant shot. He made the lowest score in the match.

General Dakin's Score at Eight Hundred Yards.



4 4 4 3 3 3 3 3 4 3 4 4 3 4 4—53

"The Irish team had finished their score at this range many minutes before the Americans, and, notwithstanding the splendid efforts made by some of the Irish team, when the official score was announced they found that they were still some nine points behind. The official score stood as follows:

Eight Hundred Yards.

Americans	326
Irish	317
	9

"The announcement of this result caused much enthusiasm among the friends of the American team, and a corresponding depression among the friends of the Irish. The members of the team, however,

appeared quite unconcerned, and while the spectators thronged about the bulletin-board and read off eagerly the official account, the competing teams retired to a large tent, where a splendid luncheon was prepared for them. Major Leech took occasion to make a handsome presentation of a silver tankard to the Amateur Rifle Club, and a number of pleasant speeches having been made, the riflemen repaired to their posts to renew the struggle for supremacy. The Americans began to look forward to an easy victory, but in this they were destined to disappointment.

"AT NINE HUNDRED YARDS.

"At the 900 yards range the Irish opened with better success, Captain Walker making a bull's-eye. He was followed by Lieutenant Fulton with a centre. The two shots were looked on as foreshadowing a better score on the part of the Irish, and events justified this feeling. A very serious piece of ill luck befel Mr. J. K. Millner, one of the most reliable marksmen of the Irish team. His method of firing, which consists of lying on his back with the butt of his gun resting on his armpit, with the muzzle held between the toes, exposes him to the danger of mistaking his target.

"A BULL'S-EYE THAT DID NOT COUNT.

"His opening shot at the 900 yards range was delivered on the wrong target, and the bull's-eye which he made went for nothing. This misfortune

occurred once before to Mr. Millner, at Wimbledon. Had it been delivered on the right target the victory would have been on the Irish side, with one point deciding. Lieutenant Fulton made at this range the highest score—twelve bull's-eyes and three centres. But notwithstanding this splendid shooting the Irish drew ahead two points, and at the close of the contest at this range the official bulletin announced the Irish as having scored 312, while the Americans had reached 310.

"The announcement of this result created a profound impression. The shooting on the American side had been magnificent, and at one time the American team stood fourteen ahead of their competitors. The steady, resolute firing of the Irish was, however, telling, and not only did they regain the ground lost at this range, but swept away two of the majority from the first range. They began to have hopes of recovering their lost ground at 1000 yards, and the magnificent scores by them at this range attest their great skill. The shadows were creeping gradually over the sky, and for a short time the bright hue of the American sky gave way to the cold, grey skies, resembling those with which the Irish riflemen were familiar. Taking advantage of this familiar light, the Irish fired rapidly, and scored a bull's-eye almost every shot. When they had ceased they had drawn ahead of the American team, but several of the latter had not yet completed their score. The word was sent to the American targets not to lose a point—that the issue was

remarkably doubtful. Lieutenant Fulton had three shots to fire, as had Colonel Bodine. The unexpected news so threw the Lieutenant off his balance that he finished up with three centres. The fate of the contest hung on the result of Colonel Bodine's last shot. If he should miss, the victory remained with the Irish. A moment before this the old marksman had cut his hand with a broken bottle. Having staunched the blood, he lay down to take the decisive shot. The state of the case had already been whispered about, and the people crowded in to watch the effect of the last shot. There was an ominous silence among the crowd gazing at the old marksman lying motionless on the ground. At length a white puff of smoke followed by the sharp ring of the explosion told that the leaden messenger had sped on its way. Had he missed? 'It is on,' broke from a hundred throats, and as the white disc came up telling it was a bull's-eye, the people set up a hearty cheer for the victor, and seizing the lucky rifleman, chaired him as some acknowledgment of the service he had rendered. The enthusiasm among the crowd burst forth in cheers again and again renewed, as if to compensate themselves for the hours of enforced silence they had passed watching the progress of the match. The scores of the final stage were remarkably good, the Irish again beating the Americans, but not making enough points to cover the misses made at the 800 yards range."

The following is the full scoring:

The Irish Team.

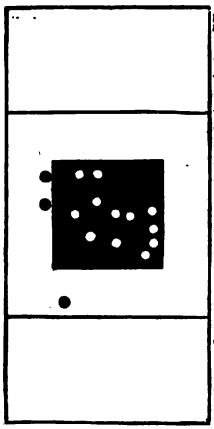
	800 Yards.	Total.	900 Yards.	Total.	1000 Yards.	Total.	Grand Total.
John Rigby	3 3 3 4 3 4 3 3 4 3 3 4 4 4 4	52	3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 3 4 4	56	3 3 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 3 4	55	163
Dr. J. B. Hamilton	4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 4	58	4 3 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 0 4 4	52	3 4 3 3 3 4 3 3 3 4 4 3 3 4 3	50	160
James Wilson	4 3 4 3 3 3 4 3 4 4 4 3 4 4 4	54	3 3 4 3 3 3 3 4 4 4 3 3 4 3 4	51	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 3 3 4 3	55	160
J. K. Milliner	3 4 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4	57	0 4 3 4 4 4 4 3 3 4 2 4 4 3 3	49	3 3 4 3 4 3 4 3 0 3 3 3 4 4 4	48	154
Edmund Johnson	4 3 4 2 3 3 4 4 4 3 3 3 3 4 3	50	2 3 2 3 2 4 4 4 3 4 3 3 4 4 4	49	4 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 3 3 4 3 3 2 3	51	150
Capt. Walker	0 3 4 3 4 0 3 4 3 4 3 4 4 4 3	46	4 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 3 4 3	55	0 3 4 3 4 4 0 4 3 3 3 3 3 4 2	43	144
		317		312		302	931

The American Team.

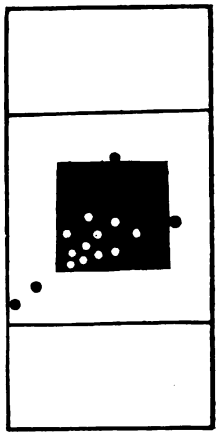
Henry Fulton	4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 3	58	3 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4	57	4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 3	56	171
G. W. Yale	3 3 3 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4	55	4 3 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 3 4 4 3 4 4	56	4 3 3 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 0 3 3 4 4	51	162
Colonel Bodine	3 3 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 3	54	3 3 4 3 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 3 3 2 3	51	4 3 3 4 4 4 3 3 3 4 4 2 4 4 4	53	158
L. L. Hepburn	3 3 4 4 4 2 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 4 3	53	3 4 3 4 2 4 3 3 3 4 4 3 4 4 2	50	0 4 3 4 3 3 3 3 3 3 4 3 4 4 3	46	149
Col. Gildersleeve	3 4 4 4 2 4 4 3 4 4 4 3 3 4 3	53	4 4 3 4 4 4 3 4 3 3 3 4 0 4 4	51	3 3 4 2 3 4 4 3 3 4 3 4 3 4 4	51	155
General Dakin	4 4 4 3 3 3 3 3 4 3 4 4 3 4 4	53	3 2 4 0 3 4 3 3 4 4 3 2 3 3 4	45	0 4 4 3 4 4 3 0 3 4 2 3 3 4 0	41	139
		326		310		298	934

AMERICAN TEAM.

Henry Fulton—Remington Rifle.

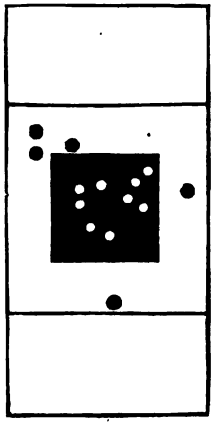


900 yards: 3 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—57

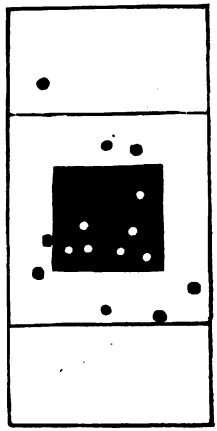


1000 yards: 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 3—56

H. A Gildersleeve—Sharpe Rifle.



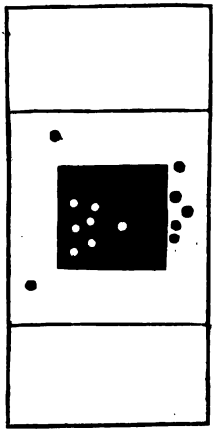
900 yards: 4 4 3 4 4 4 3 4 3 3 3 4 0 4 4—51



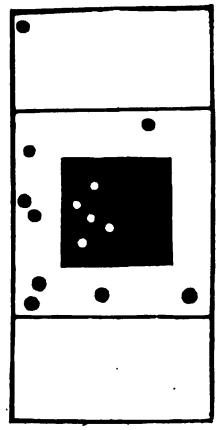
1000 yards: 3 3 4 2 3 4 4 3 3 4 3 4 3 4 4—51

AMERICAN TEAM.

L. L. Hepburn—Remington Rifle.

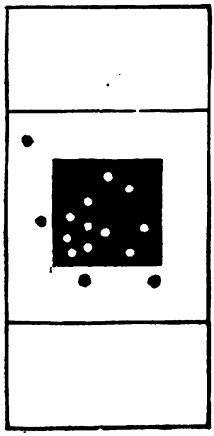


900 yards: 3 4 3 4 2 4 3 3 4 4 3 4 4 2—50

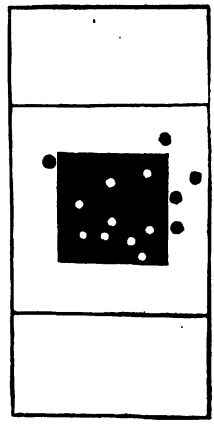


1000 yards: 0 4 3 4 2 3 3 3 3 4 3 4 4 3—46

G. W. Yale—Sharpe Rifle.



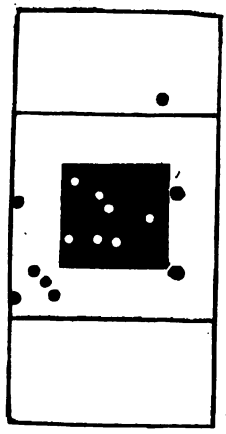
900 yards: 4 3 4 4 4 3 4 4 3 4 4 3 4 4—56



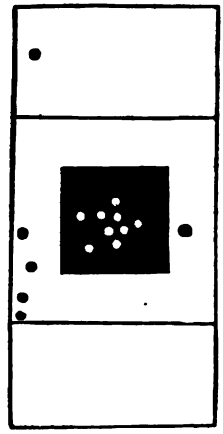
1000 yards: 4 3 3 4 3 4 4 4 4 0 3 3 4 4—51

AMERICAN TEAM.

John Bodine—Remington Rifle.

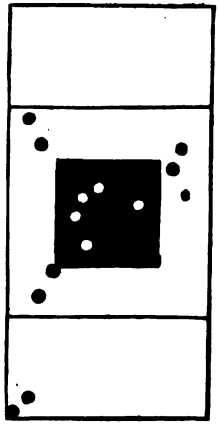


900 yards: 3 3 4 3 4 4 4 3 4 4 3 3 2 3—51

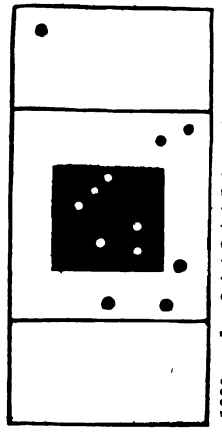


1000 yards: 4 3 3 4 4 4 3 3 3 4 4 2 4 4 4—53

T. S. Dakin—Sharpe Rifle.



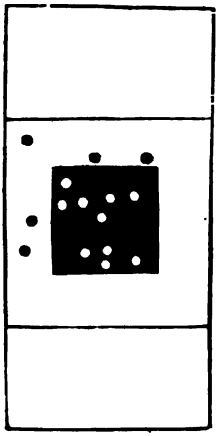
900 yards: 3 2 4 0 3 4 3 3 4 4 3 2 3 3 4—45



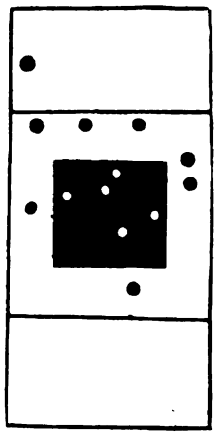
1000 yards: 0 4 4 3 4 4 3 0 3 4 2 3 3 4 0—41

IRISH TEAM.

Capt. P. Walker—Rigby Sporting Rifle.

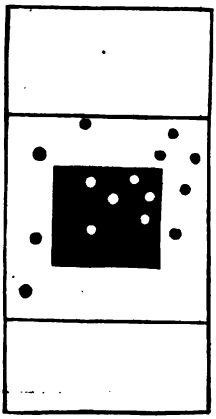


900 yards: 4 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 3 4 3 4 3—55

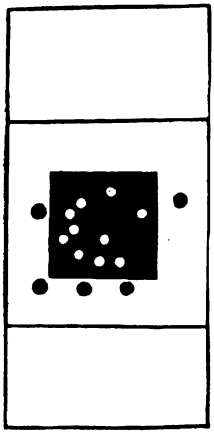


1000 yards: 0 3 4 3 4 4 0 4 3 3 3 3 4 2—43

J. Wilson—Rigby Sporting Rifle.



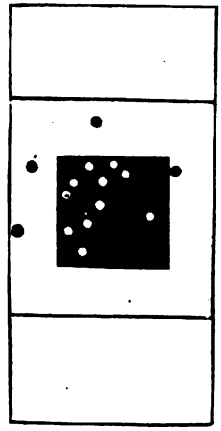
900 yards: 3 3 4 3 3 3 4 4 4 3 3 4 3 4—51



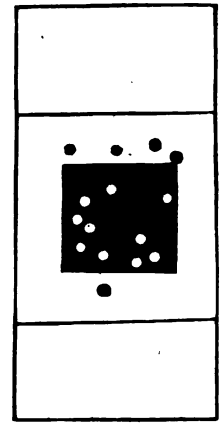
1000 yards: 4 4 4 4 4 3 3 4 4 3 3 4 3—55

IRISH TEAM.

John Rigby—Rigby Sporting Rifle.

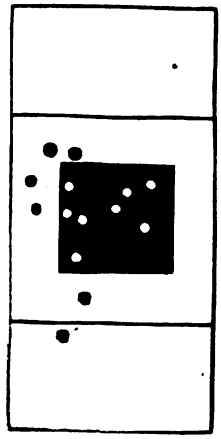


900 yards: 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 3 4 4—56

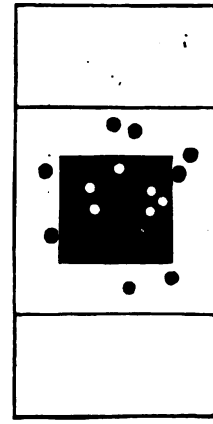


1000 yards: 3 3 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4 4 3 4 3—55

J. K. Millner—Rigby Sporting Rifle.



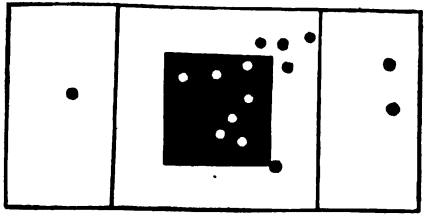
900 yards: 0 4 3 4 4 4 3 3 4 2 4 4 3 3—49



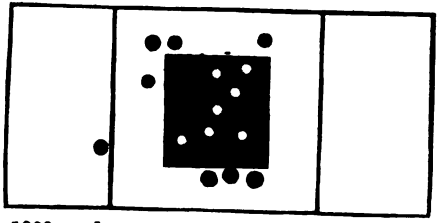
1000 yards: 3 3 4 3 4 3 4 3 0 3 3 3 4 4 4—48

IRISH TEAM.

Edmund Johnson—Rigby Sporting Rifle.

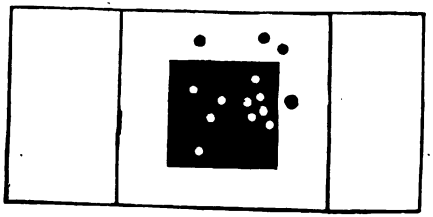


900 yards: 2 3 2 3 2 4 4 4 3 4 3 3 4 4 4—49

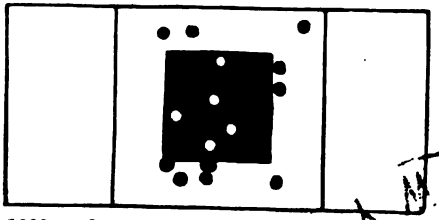


1000 yards: 4 3 4 4 3 4 4 4 3 3 4 3 3 2 3—51

Dr. J. B. Hamilton—Rigby Sporting Rifle.



900 yards: 4 3 3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3 0 4 4—52



1000 yards: 3 4 3 3 3 4 3 3 3 4 4 4 3 3 3—50

CHAPTER V.

"When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war."—LEE.

ON Friday, the 2nd of October, the competition for the Long-Range Championship came off at Creedmoor, according to the rules of the National Rifle Association, at Wimbledon, viz. 15 shots at each range of 800, 900, and 1000 yards, the targets the same as at Wimbledon, in 1873, in the Great International Match. The Bennett Match was organized for the purpose of affording the various competitors a chance of winning some substantial prizes, and of discovering the champion of the long ranges in America. The prizes were thirty-four in number, offered by Mr. Gordon Bennett, the spirited proprietor of the 'New York Herald.' Their value was about 1000 dols., or 200*l.*, and it was expected that their number would induce a large attendance of competitors.

The first, or champion's prize was of solid silver, valued at 350 dols., and about 18 inches in height. It formed a beautiful fruit-stand or centre piece, on the base of which riflemen were engraved in relief around the outer circle of the pedestal. From the centre of this a polished pillar arose, on the top of which rested a handsome bowl, the outside of

THE BENNETT CUP.

which was gilt, and engraved. At the base of the supporting column, and seated on the pedestal, were two admirably designed and executed riflemen: one that of an aboriginal Indian, in his full hunting costume; and the other a type of the first white backwoodsman, or Prairie hunter, of the far West. Their attitude is one of watchfulness, and their rifles are in a convenient position for immediate action, in case of alarm. The work is carefully and skilfully wrought, and the prize is one which the winner and his descendants may well prize as a most valuable heirloom. There were no less than fifty entries, comprising the Irish team, and the most skilful riflemen in the United States and Canada. Among them, Messrs. Fulton, Bodine, Dakin, Gildersleeve, Hepburn, and Yale—the entire of the American team; and there were five of the Irish team, and one of the reserves who had not competed in the International Match, viz. John Rigby, Edmund Johnson, J. K. Millner, J. Wilson, and D. Hamilton; J. Doyle (reserve) taking the place of Captain Walker (34th Regiment), who was absent. The conditions and arrangements were precisely the same as at the International Match. The weather during the earlier portion of the day was very favourable, the light being good and the atmosphere clear, and at the 800 yards range no less than three of the competitors made 59, out of a possible 60. These were Mr. Millner, of the Irish team; Colonel Bodine, of the American; and Mr. James Adams, of Canada. Colonel Bodine used the Remington rifle, and the

other two the Rigby. Mr. Henry Fulton, of the American, and Dr. Hamilton, of the Irish team, made 58 each: the next highest scores being Mr. P. Disher, of Canada, and Mr. Yale, of the American team. These are the best scores ever made at that range. It is noteworthy that at the termination of the 800 yards range, the American team had a slight advantage, their total being 336, while that of the Irish was only 329, or seven points behind.

After luncheon, shooting at the 900 yards range was commenced. The weather by this time had changed somewhat, and become less favourable to good scoring, as the totals will show. At that range there was little to choose between Fulton and Millner, both of whom shot very well: the former making 56, or, with his previous score, a total of 114; and the latter, 54; total, 113. Adams's total was 111; Gildersleeve's, 108; Dr. Hamilton's, 108; and J. Rigby's, 107: the last-mentioned gentleman having scored 51 at the second range.

At the end of the 900 yards' shooting the total scoring of the first six Irishmen and of the six who composed the American International team stood as follows:

	800 yds.	900 yds.	Total.
America	336	288	624
Ireland	329	301	630
Majority for Ireland			6

There was a considerable number of spectators, and much interest was manifested in the match.

Several of the competitors fell away at the 1000 yards range, and some retired while a heavy cloud from the west showed symptoms of a marked change in the weather. This change to something more resembling the weather of their native island told well for the Irish team, while the Americans became rather broken up in their shooting. The Irishmen began to take the centre of the target steadily, with the exception of Mr. Millner, who, from being a first favourite, gradually fell away. Mr. Fulton also fell back, making the same score at this range as Mr. Millner. Mr. Adams, the Canadian, completely collapsed, and finished up with several misses. The shooting at the close was very much hurried, owing to the coming darkness, and it was a matter of surprise to the Americans that Dr. Hamilton and Mr. J. Rigby were able to continue making good scores in the last five rounds when the targets were almost undistinguishable. In these rounds Mr. Rigby scored 18, and Dr. Hamilton 19, out of a possible 20; while Fulton only scored 10, and Adams missed altogether.

When the match closed, Rigby (Irish) had scored 159, and Fulton (American), 158; the result being that the Irishman was the winner of the Bennett Prize. It is noticeable that Rigby fired with one of his own muzzle-loaders, while Fulton shot with a Remington breech-loader, which he loaded from the muzzle.

Thus terminated this great match, second only in importance to the International, and in which not only did an Irishman win the first prize, but the six

Irishmen were amongst the nine highest scorers, and beat the American six of the International team by about 52; while they beat the first six Americans and Canadians by nine points.

As there were some disputes with regard to the merits of the match, I prefer quoting from the 'New York Herald,' which appears to treat the matter with great fairness. That journal, in describing it, says:

"The Bennett Long-Range Championship competition was marred yesterday by an unfortunate squabble about the scores. The contest in its earlier stages was marked by an extraordinary exhibition on the part of the competitors, and proceeded smoothly until its final stage. At the 1000 yards stage the probable winners of the first prize were Messrs. Fulton, Millner, and Adams. Mr. Fulton led Mr. Millner, of the Irish team, by one point, and the excitement consequently became intense. The dispositions made by the Amateur Club for the match were well calculated to encourage, if not beget, this state of feeling. The struggle between Messrs. Millner and Fulton was intensified as the match drew to a close. At 800 yards, Mr. Millner had beaten Fulton by a few points. This advantage was reversed at the 900 yards stage, and when the men retired to the last range their scores stood: Fulton, 114; Millner, 113. At the third shot Fulton drew one point more ahead. At this point the wind, which had died away almost completely, suddenly freshened and swept with unequal gusts over the range. This change in the condition of the weather was immediately visible in all the American scores, and

especially in that of Mr. Fulton, who began to score outers with unpleasant frequency. Instead of the brilliant string of bull's-eyes with which his friends had hoped that he would finish up his score, he made only nine points in his last five shots out of a possible 20. His ill luck so completely shook his nerves that his last shot missed the target completely, and went into the ground with a dull thud, which told every marksman he had missed. It was known before he fired that his chance of success depended on scoring something with this last shot. The people, therefore, grouped round as close as the rules would permit them, and watched with eagerness for the result of the shot. The dull thud of the bullet and the failure of the markers in the butts to note the shots was followed by a murmur of surprise and regret. 'He's missed!' was spoken with something like consternation. Still there was a vague, Micawber-like hope entertained by the friends of the great marksman that something would turn up, but nothing did. And at last the truth forced itself on the minds of all disinterested spectators who had witnessed the shot, that Mr. Fulton had made an unfortunate ending to his score. At this time the evening shadows were stealing rapidly over the Creedmoor meadows, and the targets were momentarily becoming indistinct.

"AN UNLUCKY SHOT.

"Knowing the importance of Fulton's shot, some persons declared that through the glasses could be discerned a spot which they declared to be made by

Mr. Fulton's shot. The watchers who had been at the telescope concurred in this idea, although they had not when the shot was fired nor during the interval of suspense immediately following given any indications of the existence of this spot. All other shots had been announced by the markers as outers, centres, or bull's-eyes, as soon as the shot was fired, but on this occasion no such announcement was made. Some very zealous friends of Mr. Fulton were, however, resolved that his shot should be found on the target, and having discovered something which looked like a bullet-mark, they declared it to be the unrecorded shot. The range officer of the division coincided in their views, and the two points which Mr. Fulton needed to make him the winner were marked down for him.

"MR. RIGBY PROTESTS.

"This proceeding gave considerable dissatisfaction to Mr. Rigby, who had overcome the difference of seven points which divided him from Mr. Fulton at the close of the 900 yards range, and placed himself one point in advance of Mr. Fulton. Owing to the promptitude of their markers and their habit of working together, the American team on targets Nos. 19 and 20 completed their scores much earlier than did either the Irish or Canadian teams, who were not served with the same promptitude. Night was rapidly advancing and the targets becoming invisible; it was proposed to adjourn the conclusion of

the match to next morning, but the Americans were strongly opposed to allowing this to be done. In order, therefore, to enable the match to be concluded, the Irish team were taken from their targets, and distributed on 19 and 20. Although this change was very risky, it was acquiesced in with good grace; but in spite of all efforts to close the firing in time, night came down before the Canadians had completed their scores, and the conclusion of the match was postponed to next morning. As soon as the firing ceased, the protest of Mr. Rigby against the counting of Mr. Fulton's last shot was entertained, and a prompt decision promised.

"A QUEER DECISION.

"On the train the decision of the Executive Committee was rendered. It was decided that Mr. Fulton's shot could not be allowed under the rules of the Association, which had been set aside by Colonel Gildersleeve. It was however announced, by way of doing full justice, that all the competitors would be allowed to fire over again their last five shots. Neither Mr. Rigby nor his friends will, however, make themselves parties to this. The Irish riflemen are perfectly willing that those gentlemen who were prevented from completing their scores should have the advantage of rest and light, but they very naturally refuse to sanction others rubbing out their bad shots and shooting again.

Unless some of the gentlemen who have not yet completed their scores should make a higher number of points than Mr. Rigby has obtained, that gentleman has won the first prize; and American sportsmen who care for the good reputation of their country will see that he receives it. Mr. Fulton, too, has nothing to gain by the proposed new deal. He has been fairly beaten by the men he contributed so much to defeat in the International Match, and it becomes him to show the same good temper and sense of justice that was exhibited toward him under similar circumstances. Mr. Rigby's score was made fairly and honourably: not a point was disputed during the day; and it is nonsense to expect that he will consent to those competitors who made bad shooting in the match being allowed to shoot extra shots in the hope of securing a pretended victory.

"THE IRISH TEAM VICTORIOUS.

"It is worthy of note that not alone was the highest score made by Mr. Rigby, but that the aggregate number of points made by the Irish team at the 900 and 1000 yards ranges was greater than the aggregate of the American team. At 900 yards the Irish made 19 points, and at 1000 yards 35 points more than the team that defeated them. The Americans at 800 yards made 7 points more than the Irish."

The following is the score:

THE IRISH TEAM.

800 yards.

John Rigby ..	3	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	3	4	4	—56
J. K. Millner ..	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	—59
Dr. J. B. Hamilton	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	—58
Edmund Johnson	3	3	2	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	3	4	4	4	4	—54
J. A. Doyle.. ..	3	4	4	3	3	4	3	4	3	3	4	3	4	4	4	—53
James Wilson ..	4	3	2	3	3	3	3	2	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	—49

900 yards.

John Rigby ..	3	4	4	3	2	4	3	3	4	4	4	2	4	3	4	—51
J. K. Millner ..	3	3	3	3	4	3	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	—54
Dr. Hamilton ..	3	4	2	4	4	3	3	2	3	4	3	4	3	4	4	—50
Edmund Johnson	3	3	4	4	2	3	4	3	3	4	3	3	3	4	4	—50
J. A. Doyle.. ..	3	3	4	2	4	3	3	4	3	4	4	3	4	3	4	—51
James Wilson ..	3	3	3	4	3	2	3	2	3	4	4	4	3	4	4	—50

1000 yards.

																	Total.
John Rigby ..	4	4	4	3	3	3	4	4	2	3	4	3	4	4	3	—52	159
J. K. Millner ..	2	3	4	3	2	3	4	4	2	0	2	4	3	4	4	—44	157
E. Johnson.. ..	3	3	4	3	3	3	4	4	3	4	3	3	3	3	4	—50	154
Dr. Hamilton ..	0	4	3	3	3	3	4	3	2	2	4	3	4	4	4	—46	154
J. A. Doyle.. ..	4	2	3	4	4	3	3	4	0	4	3	3	3	4	3	—47	151
James Wilson ..	3	2	4	4	4	4	3	3	3	3	3	4	3	0	0	—43	142
																	917

The following is a summary of the principal American scores:

	800 yds.	900 yds.	1000 yds.	Total.
Henry Fulton..	58	56	44	158
Captain Mason	54	51	52	157
Colonel J. Bodine	59	41	47	147
T. S. Dakin	53	52	42	147
P. Disher	57	49	41	147
J. T. B. Collins	54	48	43	145
J. R. Hawley	45	52	47	144
James Adam	59	52	33	144
Joseph Mason..	53	50	40	143
H. A. Gildersleeve.. ..	54	54	35	143
L. L. Hepburn	55	38	49	142

Making a comparison between the scores of the Irish and American sixes, we obtain the following gratifying result:

Irish.		Americans.	
John Rigby	159	Henry Fulton ..	158
J. K. Millner ..	157	Colonel Bodine ..	147
Dr. Hamilton ..	154	T. S. Dakin	147
Edmund Johnson ..	154	H. A. Gildersleeve	143
J. A. Doyle	151	L. L. Hepburn ..	142
James Wilson ..	142	G. W. Yale	127
	917		864

It will be seen that the Irish six are to be counted amongst the first nine, while some of the Americans of the International Match are rather low down; the following is the score:

The American Team.

Fulton.

800	3	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	—58
900	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	3	4	—56	158
1000	4	3	4	3	4	2	4	3	4	3	3	2	2	3	0	—44	

Bodine.

800	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	—59	
900	3	4	3	3	2	0	2	0	3	4	3	4	4	3	3	—41	147
1000	3	4	4	4	3	0	3	3	3	3	3	4	2	4	4	—47	

Gildersleeve.

800	3	4	3	3	3	3	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	—54	
900	3	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	3	2	3	4	4	4	4	—54	143
1000	4	3	2	0	3	0	4	3	0	4	4	0	0	4	4	—35	

Yale.

800	4	4	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	3	3	4	4	4	4	—57	
900	3	4	3	0	4	2	4	2	3	3	4	4	0	3	3	—42	127
1000	3	4	2	2	0	0	0	2	3	2	0	4	3	2	3	—28	

Hepburn.

| | | |

	800 yds.	900 yds.	1000 yds.	Total.
J. T. B. Collins	54	48	43	145
Gov. J. R. Hawley	45	52	47	144
Lt.-Col. H. A. Gildersleeve	55	54	35	144
James Adam	59	52	33	144
Joseph Mason	53	50	40	143
L. L. Hepburn	55	38	49	142
R. Omand	46	53	34	142
L. Geiger	52	46	39	137
D. Gibson	51	49	35	135
J. Trageser	53	47	33	133
J. S. Conlin	53	53	26	132
W. J. Carmichael	48	37	44	129
A. V. Canfield, jun. ..	53	46	28	127
G. W. Yale	57	42	28	127
Lieut. A. Anderson ..	51	39	35	125
R. H. Sanford	45	44	35	124
W. M. Cooper	38	48	37	123
W. Lloyd	46	40	35	121
J. J. Kelly	53	46	21	121
J. P. M. Richards	49	35	36	120
H. H. Foster	46	49	25	120
A. V. Davis	49	45	25	119
L. C. Bruce	52	29	37	118
F. S. Gardner	43	42	33	118
W. Robertson	45	44	26	115
L. M. Ballard	43	42	28	113
Gen. Meserole	44	36	32	112
L. Backer	51	34	25	110
W. F. Edmunstone ..	52	29	21	102
G. Crouch	42	22	36	100
B. E. Valentine	37	37	25	99
J. L. Price	50	35	14	99
J. E. Whitley	27	35	20	90
G. A. Strube	45	36	8	89
W. F. Hofele	5	44	31	80
A. J. Hennion, jun. ..	38	20	19	80
E. H. Madison	29	33	16	78
W. W. Skiddy	30	29	16	75
G. O. Goessling	29	28	18	75
J. F. Collins	11	7	7	25

Then occurred the following correspondence, introduced thus by the 'Herald':

"The following interesting letters from the Irish team were received at the 'Herald' office yesterday. The one from Arthur B. Leech, Esq., the captain of the Irish team, after complimenting their late antagonists, the American team, challenges them once more to 'a peaceful battle' upon the same terms as the match of Saturday last, the return match to be shot at Dublin next June.

"The other letter is from Mr. Rigby, and is upon the question of superiority of 'breech' over 'muzzle' loaders, and challenges the American team to shoot at Creedmoor on the 3rd of October, upon such conditions as will probably decide the mooted question. The following are the letters:

"THE GAUNTLET THROWN DOWN.

"WINDSOR HOTEL, NEW YORK, *Sept.* 27, 1874.

"SIR,—It was to the 'New York Herald' that I addressed my letter in the month of October, 1873, when I had the pleasure of proposing an international rifle match between America and Ireland, and at a time when the Irish were champions of Great Britain.

"The match which ended yesterday would have just been reversed by one point if one of my friends could have received the advantage of scoring four for a bull's eye on the wrong target, which by the rules of the match was scored a miss.

"In addressing you now, I ask you to be so good as to permit me to return, through your widely circulated journal, not alone on my own behalf, but on behalf of the members of the team and the gentlemen who came along with me as my assistants and men in waiting, and our lady friends, who have accompanied us to America, our thanks for the lavish kindness and hospitality which has been extended to us since our arrival in New York.

"My duties towards our party and the careful attention to the health of the team, have obliged us to be more observers of, than participators in, the festivities arranged for our gratification; but we all are deeply sensible of and greatly impressed by the cordiality and friendship exhibited.

"We came out here to shoot this match, and none other, with the Americans. We desired to pay the entire compliment to this nation, where so many of our countrymen have found a home; nor are we unmindful that when distress and famine visited our beloved country America was prominent with its relief.

"General Shaler was named by Colonel Wingate as final umpire, to decide any difference of opinion between him and me; but it did not surprise me to find that the worthy general's office was a sinecure. All the arrangements were of the most perfect and satisfactory character, and the American team won with the most brilliant score ever recorded in an international match.

"I cannot conclude this letter without noticing the orderly conduct of the multitude of people present at Creedmoor, a multitude composed in great part of our own countrymen; and when I tell you that it was simply at the request of my friend, Colonel Wingate, and myself, that all demonstration during the match on the part of the visitors ceased —there were only six policemen present—you will agree with me, I trust, that the spectators proved themselves supporters of law and order, and lovers of fair play. The final cheer given to the victors proved how we all admired the pluck and staying power of both teams.

"To the American press I tender my thanks for the scrupulous accuracy of its reports of our proceedings, and for its leniency to myself.

"Finally, I have once more, on the part of the Irish riflemen, to throw down the gauntlet to one more peaceful battle with the American riflemen, on the same terms upon which the match was shot at Creedmoor; the return match to be shot in Dublin in the month of June, 1875; the team to consist of not more than eight or less than six men, at the option of the Americans.

"I have the honour to remain, sir, your faithful and obliged,

"ARTHUR B. LEECH,

"*Captain Irish International Rifle Team.*

"To the Editor of the 'Herald.'"

"BATTLE OF THE RIFLES.

"SIR,—In your excellent notice of the great rifle match, published to-day, you justly term it 'A Battle of the Rifles.' Such to a great extent it was, and the decision of the question, Are our target rifles to be breech or muzzle loading? is involved in the result. This question would be more easily answered if, as you observe, one of the American team had not loaded his breech-loader from the muzzle, and by his superior shooting secured the victory for his team. This, sir, re-opens the whole matter, and gives an argument to the supporters of muzzle-loaders. Another consideration suggests itself respecting cleaning rifles between successive shots. This system has been held in England to be so unpracticable that all improvements made in target rifles of late years, whether muzzle or breech loading, have been directed to render it unnecessary. I am much mistaken if the spirited manufacturers of the rifles shown by the American team will permit the imputation to rest on their arms that they are useless unless so manipulated. To set this matter at rest, and to give riflemen, both here and at home, a means of coming to a correct judgment on this important issue, I beg to convey to the rifle makers of America a fresh challenge. I propose that on Saturday, October 3, a match shall be shot at Creedmoor on the following conditions: Four or five men on each side to fire 100 shots in all at 1000 yards, each man to have in addition two sighting shots; I

and my friends to use muzzle-loaders, and the opposite party breech-loaders. No cleaning to be permitted during the shooting on either side.

"Yours faithfully,

"J. RIGBY.

"To the Editor of the 'Herald.'"

I received the following reply from Colonel Wingate:

"No. 194, BROADWAY, *Oct.* 2, 1874.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in informing you that the necessary preliminary arrangements, which alone have caused the apparent delay, having been completed, I am directed by the Amateur Rifle Club, on behalf of themselves and of the riflemen of America, so far as they are authorized to speak for the latter, to accept your challenge to shoot a rifle match, in Dublin, during the summer of 1875, the date to be agreed upon on or before May 1, 1875, upon the same conditions as in the recent match.

"I feel confident that this match will be marked by the same fairness and friendly feeling that have characterized our late contest, and will initiate a system of international rifle competition which will do much to unite the two countries and develop the manly sport of rifle shooting. In conclusion, I can only hope that if you should win the match our team will endeavour to bear their defeat with the

same magnanimous spirit that has been displayed by yourself and your friends.

"Very truly yours,

"GEORGE W. WINGATE,

"*President Amateur Rifle Club.*

"Major A. Blennerhassett Leech, Captain Irish Team."

About the same time I received the following spirited letter from Mr. Westcott:

"HARTFORD, CONN., *Sept.* 30, 1874.

"The Sharpe's Rifle Company of this city, recognizing the importance of a prompt acceptance of the challenge of Major Leech, of the Irish team, issue the following:

"We beg to state that if President Wingate cannot see his way clear to a meeting with our Irish friends on their own ground next June, the Sharpe Rifle Company will not only undertake to find the required number of marksmen to accept the challenge, armed with Sharpe's rifles, but will also, if necessary, provide the sinews of war.

"E. G. WESTCOTT,

"*for Sharpe's Rifle Company.*"

Mr. Rigby's challenge was accepted in the following letter:

"HARTFORD, CONN., Sept. 29.

"The Sharpe's Rifle Company accept the challenge of Mr. Rigby to the rifle makers of America, for a match on Saturday next, for the purpose of testing

the relative merits of breech-loading and muzzle-loading weapons. A portion of the American team in the late international contest having used the Remington rifle, it is hoped they will take part in the trial. If not, the stipulated number of marksmen using Sharpe's rifles will be on hand.

"E. G. WESTCOTT,
"*Sharpe's Rifle Company.*

"To the Editor of the 'Herald.'"

The result justified Mr. Rigby's faith in the merits of his splendid weapon.

The following is a description of the match:

MUZZLE V. BREECH LOADING RIFLES.

Mr. John Rigby's challenge for a trial of the comparative merits of the famous Irish rifle with the American breech-loader, 25 rounds without cleaning virtually proved no contest.

RIGBY MUZZLE-LOADING RIFLES.

Edmund Johnson ..	4324324334434234334344444	—84
John Rigby	3344334444443334343323424	—84
Dr. J. B. Hamilton ..	3430333344334444044343403	—77
James Wilson	4343343224343330234233344	—76
Total		321

SHARPE'S BREECH-LOADING RIFLES.

J. T. B. Collins	4344343233343333034333430	—75
Gen. T. S. Dakin ..	2443200234430430044433440	—64
Lt.-Col. H. A Gildersleeve	3330303400233343003000222	—49
G. W. Yale	300000040033000 (retired)	—13
Total		201

The lowest Irish score was higher than the best American, while Mr. Yale had to retire after making a long array of noughts, and four hits only out of fifteen shots. This arose from defective bullets, or inability to hit the target without cleaning; but if he had made the "highest possible," it would not have altered the result. The Rigby proved the best rifle for smart service; and Mr. Rigby and Mr. E. Johnson made the highest scores. Their numbers were the same, but Mr. Johnson was entitled to precedence in consequence of making the best finish.

I quote from the 'Herald' again:

"There was also another and very extraordinary match, the result of a challenge between Mr. John Rigby and General Dakin. The conditions were, five shots each from the shoulder, in a standing position, and at 1000 yards. These involved the greatest steadiness and nerve on the part of the competitors. Generally, at any distance over 200 yards, the position is recumbent, and the difficulty of hitting at 1000 yards from a standing position will be recognized at once. The result was as follows:

John Rigby	4	0	3	4	0—11
General Dakin	0	3	4	0	0— 7

"The result was highly creditable to both, especially to Mr. Rigby, whom the American papers praise as the steadiest shot of the Irish team, if not of both. This was the last match in which the Irish representatives took part, and all must acknowledge that they more than justified the selection made."

The following account of the "Battle of the Rifles" is taken from the 'Herald' of October 4:

"MUZZLE V. BREECH.

"As soon as the competitors in the Bennett Match had completed their scores, the match between the muzzle-loaders and the breech-loaders was begun. Mr. Rigby's challenge to the manufacturers of breech-loading arms was accepted by the Sharpe and Remington houses, the latter making the demand that their marksmen should be allowed to load in any way that should seem best to them. As this involved allowing to load from the muzzle it was not acceded to. The match was therefore confined to the Sharpe and Rigby rifles. The conditions called for four men a-side to fire 25 shots each, without wiping or blowing. The latter condition was afterwards abandoned, and both parties availed themselves of the permission to blow through their barrels. On the side of the muzzle-loaders there shot Dr. Hamilton, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Rigby, the four making a remarkably strong team. Mr. Rigby, though he has not made the highest scores, has proved himself the most reliable shot in either team. During his visits to Creedmoor he fired in all 210 shots without once missing the targets. The performance of the other gentlemen showed them to be steady and reliable shots. Sharpe's rifle was fired by three of the gentlemen who took part in the International Rifle Match—Mr.

Yale, Colonel Gildersleeve, and General Dakin. With them was Mr. Collins. In point of skill this team could not hope to compare with the four marksmen who used the Rigby rifle, but the experiments were made not to test the skill of the riflemen, but to solve the question whether a breech-loading rifle could be fired 25 times in succession without leading or fouling. The average skill of the contestants would allow this question to be settled independently of the scores made, for these depended almost wholly on the greater or less skill of the marksmen.

"DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

"The Scene at the State Arsenal last Night—Cordial Reception of the Irish Team—Speeches, Trophies, and Congratulations.

"The crowning effort of the National Rifle Association for the year took place last night at the State Arsenal, under circumstances well calculated to make its energetic and enterprising members feel proud of their past labours. Without at all entering into gratifying statistics in connection with this creditable organization, it is enough to know that the highest anticipations of its sanguine promoters have been more than realized. The exhibition last night was in every way a triumph, and it is indeed no figure of speech to say that through the instrumentality of the men who, within a comparatively recent period, have popularized target practice in this

country, a new era in the history of rifle shooting has been opened on this side of the Atlantic.

"The fall meeting was unquestionably a great success, as showing an extraordinary improvement on last year's shooting on the part of the competing teams of the National Guard. By means of liberal inducements a generous rivalry was created among the best marksmen that each regiment could send to the front, the result being keen and exciting contests, to say nothing of the practical value and importance of such competition. The matches given under the auspices of the Association were virtually brought to a termination on Friday, and last night was set apart for the disposition of the honours that, through merit, fell to the lot of those who had distinguished themselves during the rifle campaign. The drill-room of the Arsenal was, of course, crowded to the doors, the scene being enhanced by the presence of many ladies. Gay banners decorated the walls, uniformed officers and men were in attendance by the score; but perhaps the most conspicuous and attractive feature of the place was the grand array of prizes, which, prominently exposed upon a table, won the admiration of all who inspected them, and, at the same time, gave encouragement for future competition when similar and doubtless richer gifts should be contended for. The victorious teams of the different regiments, in full uniform, marched into the Arsenal about eight o'clock, and drew up in line to await the official announcement of the result of the contests. Each detachment upon its entrance

was greeted with loud applause by the spectators. As Colonel Church, of the 'Army and Navy Gazette,' President of the National Rifle Association, accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Gildersleeve, the secretary, Colonel Wingate, and several members of the Irish Rifle Association, including Dr. J. B. Hamilton, of Her Britannic Majesty's service; Messrs. Rigby, Wilson, Millner, Johnson, Doyle, Kelly, and several officers of the National Guard, proceeded toward the table where the prizes were on exhibition, a cheer arose that made the welkin ring.

"THE PROCEEDINGS.

"Without much ado Colonel Church opened the proceedings with a neat address, in the course of which he called attention to the fact that there were but two occasions during the year on which the officers of the Association were brought face to face —once at the annual meeting in January, and again at the distribution of prizes. When they met last year he thought he had a good right to congratulate them on the results of the National Rifle Association. While attention was called to the fact that much had been accomplished, it was also stated that much more was expected to be accomplished during the year. But if he had any reason to congratulate the members last year, the success which had marked the meeting this season was far beyond the most sanguine anticipations. Colonel Church then adverted to the work in which

the Association had been engaged, and called attention to the wonderful improvements which had been made on the grounds at Creedmoor, and in the course of his remarks paid a handsome tribute to General Shaler, the Vice-President, and other members of the Association, for the zeal and energy they had displayed in forwarding the interests of the organization, as shown in the splendid range, which was a credit to any association. What General Shaler had accomplished was done freely and without reward, and he had been actuated solely by the desire to see that what he undertook was fully carried out. Having referred to the excellence of the rifle practice which had marked the fall meeting, the speaker paid a high compliment to the distinguished riflemen from Ireland, and observed that if they did not carry away the trophies of victory they came to win, the American team had much more reason to be thankful than exultant. (Cheers.) The American team had learned to respect their prowess, while the Irish riflemen had learned to respect that of their opponents. There was reason for general congratulation in the fact that throughout the contest the utmost good feeling had prevailed. Ireland had sent gentlemen, not only distinguished for their skill in rifle shooting, but showing all those high qualities which called for the respect of every man. (Cheers.) The recollection of their visit to this country would remain as one of the pleasantest reminiscences of this the greatest fall meeting ever held under the auspices of the National Rifle Association, and he

hoped that the recent contest might be only the beginning of similar exhibitions between the riflemen of the Old and New Worlds. (Cheers.)

"Lieutenant-Colonel Gildersleeve then proceeded to read a list of the prizes, and as each victorious marksman stepped forth he was hailed with tokens of approbation. Especially was this the case when the regimental teams were summoned to receive the rewards of their prowess. Several presentation addresses were delivered by Colonel Church, General MacMahon, and others; and altogether the occasion was of an exceedingly joyous character. Several officers of the United States army and navy were present, among them being Lieutenant J. J. Kelly, of interoceanic canal fame, as well as others interested in the practice of rifle shooting. Upon the announcement that Mr. Rigby, of the Irish team, had won the Bennett Long-Range Championship, open to all comers, a deafening cheer arose. Colonel Churchill presented the trophy in appropriate terms, and, in response, Mr. Rigby gracefully referred to the hospitality which had been extended to the Irish riflemen since their visit to this city. He was not used to making speeches. He was used to making guns, and he would rather face the targets than the large audience now assembled; but he could not sit down without expressing his regret that the captain of the Irish team, Major Leech, to whom the great pleasure of their visiting this city was mainly attributable, was not present. Owing to ill health, brought about by the labour and excitement, inci-

dent to the recent match, he was unable to attend, and he (Mr. Rigby) took occasion to apologize for his absence. In conclusion, Mr. Rigby returned his warmest thanks for the kindness with which he and his associates had been received.

"The names of several members of the Irish team were subsequently called as the winners of prizes, and in every instance vociferous cheers hailed the announcement. The distribution was altogether marked by all the good nature and enthusiastic features of such occasions."

CHAPTER VI.

"How the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which downward worn and rent,
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent
To the broad column which rolls on."—BYRON.

THE great event being over, it was now open to the members of the team to accept somewhat more freely the profuse hospitality which was everywhere offered to them. The Brooklyn Banquet, given in honour of the Irish team, took place on the 19th of September, and was one of the most elegant and costly entertainments I have ever seen. It was held in the Theatre or Concert Hall, the pit being boarded over for the purpose. About three hundred sat down to dinner, and the chair was occupied by Mr. Hunter, the Mayor of Brooklyn. In the course of the evening a telegram arrived, no one well knew from whom, to say that the President, who was at the Army and Navy Club, at New York, would be glad to receive the Irish party that evening, informally. Some of them were for accepting the intimation as a command, but it was decided not to break up the banquet. On our return to New York we all drove to the Army and Navy Club, but the President had retired, and thus for the time we lost the honour of a presentation.

During the evening many speeches were delivered. It is the fashion on all such festive occasions that many speakers should address the Chair, and it was the best opportunity I had during my visit to America of learning how such entertainments are conducted. A learned judge spoke, and so did many distinguished military men as well as civilians. The speeches were good, but much longer than we are in the habit of hearing at after-dinner meetings in this country. One of the most effective was that delivered by Mr. Kinsella, an Irish gentleman, for many years resident at Brooklyn; the vein of humour running through his remarks, which were delivered in a truly oratorical style, was fully appreciated by his auditory. On the whole, this banquet was one of the most successful entertainments at which I have ever been present. My surprise, by the way, was unbounded when, having acknowledged the toast of the team, which fell to my lot, I was applied to by a gentleman for a copy of my speech, which, of course, I was unable to give him.

I insert an account of the banquet, extracted from the 'New York Herald,' September 20, 1874:

"THE BROOKLYN BANQUET.

"Brooklyn last night dispensed its characteristic elegant hospitality to the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Irish International team and associates. The parquet of the Academy of Music, for the first time in its history, was converted into a banqueting hall.

With the aid of conservatory plants, floral decorations, and an appropriate drop scene, an effect was produced that gave a charming appearance to the well-known interior. Over the balcony the flags of Ireland, America, and England were gracefully draped, and above these was a model of the Creedmoor Range. The entertainment was in every way a success, and this success was mainly due to the Chairman of the Executive Committee, General T. S. Dakin; and the Secretary, B. E. Valentine.

"Shortly after seven o'clock, to the strains of a band in the balcony, the guests, numbering about 150, marched to the banqueting hall, the Lord Mayor in his court dress, and Mayor Hunter preceding the party. The following gentlemen occupied seats at the cross-table: The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin, M.P.; John W. Hunter, Mayor of Brooklyn; Alderman Manning, of Dublin; Major Arthur Blennerhassett Leech, Captain of the Irish International team; Colonel Wingate, Captain of the American International team; H. H. Foster, Honourable Secretary of the Irish International team; Judge Joseph Neilson, S. B. Chittenden, Mr. Stranahan, and Mr. E. Johnson. The dinner was served in Delmonico's usual style, and appeared to give great satisfaction.

"*The Speeches.*

"Mayor Hunter said that in the name of the citizens of Brooklyn he welcomed the distinguished guests—welcomed them as members of that race

which had become universal all over the world. It was our duty to fortify life by friendship; Brooklyn dines with Dublin to-night. (Cheers.)

"The Mayor next proposed, 'The Queen; God bless her!' which was drunk standing, and received with musical honours and loud cheers.

"The Mayor next proposed the toast of the evening:

"'The City of Dublin, and its representative, the Lord-Mayor. To Dublin we extend the respect of her younger sister, Brooklyn, and to our honoured guest a hearty welcome.'

"This toast was interrupted in the reading by cheering and musical honours.

"The Lord Mayor, who was received with long continued cheering, said:

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I assure you I can hardly express the feelings which at this moment prevail in my mind concerning the friendly and enthusiastic manner in which my health has been proposed and accepted in this magnificent and representative assembly. I have been in your State for some ten or twelve days, during which myself and my countrymen have been positively overborne by a bounteous and ever-present hospitality, which I can confidently say shall never be forgotten. Standing here, to-night, to acknowledge the grateful sense in which we appreciate your generosity, I cannot refrain from saying how proud we shall be to relate to our countrymen at home the story of our reception in the sister cities of New York and

Brooklyn. (Cheers.) I am delighted to learn that before long your energy and skill will have bridged over the lordly river which sweeps between your shores, and without presuming to anticipate the civic and political changes which may follow the completion of the great work now in progress, I may be permitted to say, with the myriad-minded poet of all mankind—

> "'Let us not to the marriage of true minds
> Admit impediments.'

"Gentlemen, I am very sensible of my unworthiness truly to represent the feelings entertained by my countrymen toward the mighty people with whom we have been in communion for some time past. The history of America, like the history of the old Empire under whose flag it is my fortune and my privilege to live, is rich in the noblest illustrations of what a great Irishman has called universal emancipation. Here the world's wanderer may find a peaceful prosperity, the noblest extension of human liberty, the largest interpretation of the rights of man. How splendidly your institutions have been maintained is proof of the loyal devotion of your citizens to the unsullied banner which proudly bears the American name wherever civilization has penetrated, wherever courage and constancy have found reward. (Cheers.) Gentlemen, it is idle to be laudatory concerning things illimitably great. This mighty Republic is the wonder of our age, and my poor but fervent devotion to the best interests of

Ireland, my unwavering loyalty to my Sovereign, and the maintenance of the old Empire in its purest integrity, cannot warp my sympathy with the glorious present and magnificent future of the United States. (Cheers.)

"'Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its base the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.'

"Mr. Mayor and citizens of Brooklyn, I thank you heartily for your kindness. (Loud applause.)

"Corporation Counsel De Witt very eloquently responded to the following toast:

"'The City of Brooklyn, in honouring its distinguished guests it but honours itself.'

"Music—'Brooklyn March.'

"Major Arthur B. Leech responded to the following toast:

"'The International Rifle Team. In America, they have more than sustained the high reputation so ably won by them in their own country.'

"Music—'The Minstrel Boy.'

"He said that by the favour of his countrymen he had the pleasure of returning thanks for this splendid ovation, inasmuch as he was captain of the team. The Major, in referring to the history of the challenge of the Irish riflemen, said that when it was decided upon by the Irish team—which was done, he could assure them, very promptly—he thought it would be the proper course to transmit

that challenge to the distinguished chief of the country, the President of the United States. But about that time it was made known to the world that that great man, Livingstone, had been discovered through the wondrous enterprise and wonderful effort of an American; and as some acknowledgment of that great work it was decided to transmit the challenge to the American riflemen to Mr. James Gordon Bennett. (Loud cheers.) He regretted that he had not yet had the pleasure of meeting that gentleman, a circumstance that had occasioned him considerable regret. To that challenge the Irish team met with a prompt response, and immediately there appeared in every newspaper in Ireland, news and editorial articles calling attention to this fact.

"'I not only,' said the Major, 'got men to shoot from Ireland, but men who were born and bred there. (Cheers.) We are delighted with our visit, I assure you. I have been delighted with the brotherly love and kind regard manifested to the team.' (Cheers.) It was impossible for him to express in anything like the appropriate words their acknowledgments of the elegant kindness that had been shown his companions. Every facility for carrying out the match had been afforded them. The result was certainly not expected by them; but, he said, from his heart he was glad of it. (Cheers.) He had addressed a letter that day to the 'New York Herald,' asking that the return match might take place next year in Dublin. (Loud cheers.)

"Colonel Wingate responded to the following toast, and gave a sketch of the difficulties that had beset the American team, and said that if the Americans had lost, they would not, he thought, have borne it so gentlemanly and with such even temper as the Irish team.

"'The International American Rifle Team. If defeated in honourable rivalry upon foreign shores, they will submit with the same grace which has so distinguished the conduct of their late competitors.'

"Colonel Gildersleeve responded to the toast of 'The National Rifle Association,' and said that the membership of the Association numbered about a thousand young men. That Association owed to the Irish riflemen a debt that it could never repay. It had not been easy to set that Association going; but this visit had given to rifle practice an impetus that will assure to riflemen perfection in this art that they could never have otherwise obtained. (Loud cheers.) 'The friendship for the Irish team will remain as fresh and as green in our hearts as your beloved shamrock.' (Loud cheers.)

"Justice Joseph Neilson responded to the following toast:

"'The Judiciary. Fair trials and sound law make a contented and prosperous people.'

"Several other appropriate toasts were responded to, and the pleasant party broke up about the midnight hour."

The time had now come for divesting our minds of all anxiety with regard to competition, and turning our attention to sightseeing. We made Niagara, as might be expected, the object of our first excursion. The Erie Railway authorities most courteously made arrangements for the free transit of the whole party to that celebrated spot. We went in detachments. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, with Alderman and Miss Manning, and some others, set out first; and I am sorry to say that by some unaccountable accident the grand saloon carriage in which the party travelled was burned before the return journey. Lord and Lady Massereene, and a few more of us, started a little later, and arrived at the International Hotel at about twelve o'clock at night. The moon was shining at the time, and thus the lunar bow was on the Falls, making them look their best. To describe them is impossible: it is Nature's grandest effort.

What struck me at once as one of the most remarkable circumstances connected with this wondrous spectacle, was that, in spite of the immensity of the sound, I could hear the whisper of the person standing next me. A sound not the fiftieth part so loud as that produced by the fall of this immense volume of water would, under ordinary circumstances, oblige you to speak to your fellow-traveller at the top of your voice; but here, immediately under the Falls, with the spray dashing over the face, the voice in the tone of ordinary conversation is easily heard.

To write an account of the waterfall so as to give

a faint idea of its vastness and splendour, seems to me to be a thing impossible, even for the most powerful of descriptive writers; still it has often been attempted. It has been described, erroneously, as one of the wonders of the world, for this is to assume that there are other wonders equally wonderful. Whatever may be the views of the spectator with regard to the cause of this stupendous development of natural power, the effect produced upon him cannot fail to be beyond expression awe-inspiring and sublime.

Goat Island divides the Falls. The quantity of water rushing over them every hour is computed to be about one hundred millions of tons. It is scarcely 200 years since the Falls were first discovered by Europeans.

The Rapids above the Falls were the cause of some surprise to a gentleman of my acquaintance, who, having seen them first, mistook them for the Falls themselves, and wondered why so much had been said about what, after all, didn't seem so wonderful to him. Ere long he was undeceived, and overwhelmed with amazement at the strange mistake he had made.

The view of these Rapids from the metal bridge which crosses them is, I think, the one best calculated to enable the spectator to realize the grandeur of the scene. For a fee of fifty cents the visitor may cross this bridge as often as he likes on any one day. On payment of a dollar he is free of it for the season. It seems scarcely safe to stand on the bridge, the

rapids below impress one so strongly with the idea of resistless strength. The hurry and tumult of the waters seem to be a fitting preparation by way of contrast for the calmer and more majestic exhibition of their gigantic strength when they arrive at the Falls. At the place called the Ferry House, the visitor is dropped down an inclined plane to the water's edge in a comfortable sort of open tram-car, worked by a rope and water-wheel. Here the ferryboat awaits the visitor, and takes him to the Canadian side, from which the large volume of water is seen perhaps to the greatest advantage.

Charles Dickens' account of Niagara, as seen from Table Rock, is the bit of descriptive writing on the subject which I have read with the greatest pleasure; but even *he* is unable to give such an idea of the scene as would enable anyone who had not seen it to form a correct idea of its wonderful magnificence. Let no one pride himself on his achievements as a traveller, who has left Niagara unvisited.

The mode of travelling to Niagara from New York is, in point of comfort and style, unequalled out of America, and not excelled in it. I refer to the Erie Railroad—a line which passes through every description of country—over hills, through valleys, along the sides of mountains, and across ravines. Like all great undertakings, it has had its vicissitudes; but such a stupendous work once finished, should never, with reasonably good management, be a financial failure. I have much pleasure in returning my cordial thanks to the Directors of this line

for their courtesy and liberality. Nor was this courtesy confined to such magnates as railway directors. Even the conductors of the tram-cars in several of the cities I visited, when they discovered that the captain of the Irish team was in the car, would not allow me to pay the usual five cents, a kindliness which I always accepted with much pleasure, as an evidence of the spirit with which we were received by the portion of the community which they represented.

Having left Niagara, we proceeded by train to Lewiston, where we embarked on board a steamer which plies between that place and Toronto, where we arrived after a pleasant passage of five hours, and put up at the Queen's Hotel. Toronto is situated on a beautiful bay four miles long and two wide; the view of the city as one approaches it in this way is most pleasing. Having visited the Park, the College, Osgoode Hall, &c., we proceeded by a steamer belonging to the Canadian Inland Company, to Montréal.

There are many places of interest which I may pass over, as I have no wish to act the part of a guide writer. I shall merely refer briefly to some of the points which struck me as possessing peculiar interest. One of these was the "Thousand Islands." Nowhere in the world is there a larger collection of river islands. Although called the "Thousand Islands," I believe they are really about fifteen hundred in number, about half of which are in the Canadian waters, and the remainder in the state of

New York. I have not seen anything more beautiful in its way than the aspect presented by these seemingly innumerable islets. The navigation is most intricate, and the course of the vessel being constantly varied to avoid the islands, a magnificent and ever-changing panorama is presented to the traveller. Many of the islands are richly clad in the most luxuriant verdure, while others are but barren rocks. It may interest the sportsman to know that there is abundance of wild-fowl shooting, and first-rate fishing here.

The Long Sault Rapids present a new style of scenery. This series of rapids, about 10 miles long is as singular in its nature as in the manner in which it affects the voyager. I confess to sharing in the idea that the sensation of sailing for several miles *down hill* is most peculiar.

Montreal is said to have over 200 miles of streets, in which the lanes are included. The Victoria Tubular Bridge, built by Stephenson, which spans the river here, is the largest as well as the longest structure of the sort in the world. It rests on twenty-four stone piers, each pier being 242 feet distant from its neighbour, save the centre ones, which are separated by an interval of 330 feet. The total length of the bridge is one mile and a quarter.

From Montreal we moved on to Quebec, by one of those elegantly appointed steamers which ply between the two cities, leaving at four o'clock each afternoon, and arriving at their destination next morning. Our vessel broke down at "Three Rivers," half-way

between Montreal and Quebec; we were obliged to go into harbour and await the arrival of the next boat. All the passengers had gone to bed, not expecting to be disturbed until within view of Quebec, and when we were knocked up, my friends could scarcely be persuaded that their previous idea of an uninterrupted journey was not a mistake, and that it was not part of the arrangement that the change from one steamer to another should take place. On understanding the actual state of affairs, and receiving the assurance that no danger was to be apprehended, the incident began to be amusing. We had all the trouble of going to bed and to sleep a second time, and some of the nervously inclined were in considerable fear of another explosion; however, we arrived without further disaster at Quebec.

The town of Quebec presents in general more palpable signs of antiquity than the majority of American cities. The natural advantages of the Key of Canada, as it is called, and the historic recollections attending it, render it a place well worthy of a visit. On every side it is fortified by nature, but the gates and walls are in a rather dilapidated condition. I thought it a pity that a place with so many associations of antiquity should seem to suffer from neglect. The streets are narrow and very steep: the ascent in some places resembles a walk up a mountain with the occasional assistance of flights of stairs.

We visited the Montmorenci Fall, which is 5 or 6 miles distant from the town, and saw it to great

advantage, as rain had fallen copiously for two days. The St. Lawrence River in the distance and the surrounding scenery in general present a magnificent *coup d'œil.* We returned by boat to Montreal, and took the train for Chicago.

CHAPTER VII.

"All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries, he may learn to improve his own; and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy his own."—JOHNSON.

IN countries where one travels by rail for long distances, the comforts necessary to make the journey less fatiguing must of necessity be provided. In America this subject has been so far considered that the sleeping and drawing-room cars which daily go out from the different stations reduce fatigue or ennui to a minimum. The traveller, for example, is put into a carriage at Jersey city, in which he is conveyed without a change to Buffalo or Niagara. If he starts in the evening he can go to bed as comfortably as if he were at his hotel, and when he gets up in the morning and has refreshed himself with the usual ablution in his dressing room, he finds himself close to his destination.

On the 13th of October we started from Montreal, at 9.30 P.M.; and, thanks to Mr. Clark, we were made most comfortable. Our beds were luxurious, and our fellow-passengers most civil, while the attention and politeness of the conductors left nothing to be desired. Entering into conversation with some of them, I found that one was the son of a gentleman

who had been a rich planter in the South before the war, while others had been officers in the Confederate or Union armies.

On Thursday, the 15th of October, at one o'clock A.M., we arrived at Port Huron, which is the boundary-line station between Canada and America. Here the Customs' authorities inspect the baggage. After an interval sufficient for this purpose, we resumed our journey and stopped at Detroit, where the train was actually run on board a boat in which rails had been laid down. The boat, be it remarked, was of English manufacture. Leaving Detroit, we were in charge of the Michigan Central Railway Company. One may break the journey at any of the stations along the line by asking the conductor for a "*lay-over check.*" At 7.30 on Thursday evening we arrived at Chicago, just thirteen hours late, owing to an obstruction we had encountered on the line, and with the loss of a portmanteau, which, however, turned up two days later.

Chicago is situated on Lake Michigan, and is about 600 feet above the level of the sea. The country round about it for hundreds of miles is almost a perfect flat. The commercial prosperity of the city is due to its position, which has established it as the natural mart for the reception and distribution of the enormous produce of the surrounding plains. It is not only the receiver for the immense extent of grain-growing country in which it lies, but also the forwarder of the produce to Europe and to the East. The untiring zeal and industry of the men who were

attracted by such local advantages did the rest, and the rapidity with which the city increased in size and commercial prosperity is almost without parallel.

Chicago in 1833 consisted of a few miserable wooden huts. The first map of the future great city, published in 1830, represented an area of somewhat less than a square mile. For forty years the population increased at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum, up to the time of the disastrous fire in 1871. At present its inhabitants number about 300,000. Besides being a great emporium for grain, the city carries on an enormous trade in pork, whence it has received the euphonious name of Porkopolis.

The 'Democrat' newspaper, the first ever published in Chicago, did much to assist in bringing before the world's notice the vast advantages to be derived from an encouragement of the local trade. It may surprise my readers to be informed that about thirty-five years ago the few citizens then living in the town actually had a *wolf hunt*, in what is now (1875) the centre of the new city; in one day they killed no less than forty of these animals.

I may mention that during our stay here the President of the United States visited Chicago with his family, for the purpose of being present at the marriage of his son, Colonel Grant. It so happened that he occupied apartments at the hotel at which our party had put up. Mr. Crossley, M.P. for Halifax, who had taken the warmest interest in all our proceedings, and had accompanied us during a consider-

able portion of our travels from New York, was also staying at the same hotel. The President having been informed that we were lodged under the same roof as himself, did us the honour of intimating his wish to receive us in the evening. Accordingly Mr. Crossley, Mr. Barnes, former member for Lancashire, the Rev. Dr. Mellor and myself, attended at the hour mentioned, and were presented. The President gave us a most friendly reception, and conversed with us for some time, expressing his regret that he had been unable to be present on the great occasion at Creedmoor, and speaking of the performance of both teams in terms of the highest praise. I had the honour also of being presented to Mrs. Grant and several other members of the President's family.

St. Louis, which was our next halting place, is the capital of the Mississippi Valley. This magnificent city has a river frontage of 10 miles in length. The public buildings here, as elsewhere in America, are of a solid as well as ornamental character, and the public parks comprise over 2000 acres.

Mr. Shaw, a wealthy citizen, is the owner of the finest gardens in the country, which, with the characteristic generosity of an American gentleman, he throws open to the public. It is said that he purposes giving them at some future day to the city, on condition of their being maintained in the same condition as at present.

The bridge here is, I believe, the most wonderful structure of the kind in the world. It was commenced in October, 1869, and completed in July,

1874. It is built in two stories, the lower one for the double railway car truck, while the upper one has two carriage ways in the centre, divided from which by iron railings are walks for foot passengers on either side. The piers are formed on the solid rock, the east pier 90 feet below the bed of the river and 120 feet below the surface of the water, and the west pier 60 feet below the river bed and 90 feet below the surface. The bridge proper is 1628 feet in length, the east approach 1136 feet, and the west approach 1886 feet. The arches are formed of tubes *of the finest steel*, and the total cost of the structure was nine millions of dollars. The annual fair at St. Louis has a national reputation, and the grounds, comprising about 90 acres, where the fair is held, are enclosed for the purpose. The receipts taken at the gates during the fair week average $100,000, which sum is laid out for the improvement of the grounds. The pork trade in St. Louis rivals that of Chicago. It is said that during the fall and spring, when the business is chiefly done, fourteen different firms engaged in the trade slaughter daily about 2000 hogs each. One of the most prominent features in the place is the number of mules. All costermongers and washerwomen drive mules, and the mud carts are drawn by two mules tandem. The large omnibuses have teams of four, and some of the small ones are drawn on a tramway by one mule. They are nearly as large as horses, and seem to be able to do quite as much work.

I arrived in New Orleans a few weeks after a

battle had actually been fought in the streets. The cause of the disturbance was the discontent of a leading section of the community with the management of public affairs. At the time of my arrival peace had been restored and ordinary business resumed. A large body of troops had been sent there, and three American men-of-war were in the harbour; but the inhabitants seemed contented with the demonstration they had made. Even the costume worn by the insurgents in September had become the fashionable dress, especially the hat, which was called the "wide-awake of the 14th of September." New Orleans, which is called the crescent city, is said to be like Paris, but I did not trace the resemblance.

One of the chief drawbacks to the prosperity of the city is the fact that its level is below that of the Mississippi. This circumstance, which renders efficient drainage most difficult, coupled with the occasional overflow of the river, has subjected the place to periodical visitations of the yellow fever. The citizens, however, at length set themselves earnestly to work to remedy this state of things, and are constructing a magnificent system of drainage which, when completed, will render New Orleans one of the healthiest cities in the world. Even now its ordinary death-rate is lower than that of Leeds, Liverpool, or Glasgow, and for consumptive patients it is said to be a most advantageous place of resort. The city abounds in private gardens with orange groves and trees laden with fruit. It


NEW ORLEANS RIFLE CLUB
PRESENTED TO
Major Abel Keech
BY THE
NEW ORLEANS RIFLE CLUB

seems to me as if prosperity were once more returning to the South.

Here I was visited by Mr. Parker, the President of the New Orleans Rifle Association, and by a deputation of gentlemen from the city, who invited me to a banquet. My time was so short that it was to have taken place in two days afterwards. One of our party, however, being suddenly attacked with agueish fever, for which malady a change of climate is the best remedy, the banquet was given up, but I was invited to visit the range that day before leaving the town. Accordingly a number of gentlemen called at my hotel and took me to their range and club. Here one of the members, having made a very complimentary speech with reference to the Irish team in America, presented me, in the name of the New Orleans Rifle Club, with a splendid gold medal of beautiful design, of which I annex a woodcut. This was a curious coincidence, for I had actually put into my pocket the bronze medal of the Irish Rifle Association, intending to offer it as a little souvenir of my visit. The gold medal was a prize given by the club, and had actually been won by Major Shipley, who waived his claim to the most coveted prize of the society, and permitted it to be presented to me. I need not say how I prize a gift which I accepted, as I did all other attentions which were offered to me in America, in my representative capacity.

Having paid my visit to the New Orleans Rifle

Range, I returned to the hotel, and took train to Cave City, in Kentucky, to visit the great Mammoth Cave, a comfortable journey of about thirty-two hours. This place is clearly better entitled to the former part of its appellation than to the latter; for it is named from the celebrated Mammoth Cave which is in its vicinity. The city consists of about three dozen houses, built since 1870, in which year the then existing city, about half the size of the present one, was destroyed by a tornado. We started for the cave early on the morning after our arrival, in an open waggon containing three seats besides one for the driver. The distance through the forest is about 10 miles; the road, which is kept in order (?) by a company consisting of the hotelkeeper at Cave City and the Cave hotelkeeper, is the most execrable on which ever man travelled; nor did the construction of the waggon add to our comfort, the springs or *bars* being so rigid that we had to hold on to one another to avoid being thrown out of the vehicle.

The forest scenery was grand, and the vistas now and then presented to us through openings in the trees more than atoned for the uncomfortable mode of travelling. We arrived at our destination in little over an hour, and were received, as usual, by a very polite gentleman, the manager of the Cave Hotel. Having rested for a while, we essayed with our guide to visit the wonders of the cave. Just then two gentlemen happened to be starting on the same errand, and most kindly offered us their assist-

ance. They were clearly no ordinary sightseers. They carried with them perforated tin pots, little hammers, small nets, like landing-nets, sticks like alpenstocks, and baskets. These gentlemen were Mr. F. W. Putnam, Director of the Peabody Academy of Science, Salem, Mass.; and Mr. John R. Proctor, Maysville, Kentucky. I desire to offer our thanks to them for their polite attention on this occasion; and in describing the cave I venture to extract from a book written by Mr. Putnam, a copy of which he kindly presented to me. It will give my readers a better idea of the place than anything I could write.

"As we expected to remain within the cave a long time, our trusty guide had provided himself with a well-filled can of oil, to replenish our lamps, and with this strapped upon his back, he led the way into the thick darkness. We shall attempt no description of the cave. Its darkness must be felt to be appreciated, and no form of expression, understood by mortals who have never descended to its cavernous depths, nor trod its gloomy corridors, can convey anything like an adequate idea of the place. After spending fifteen hours within its chambers, it is absolutely nauseating to read the descriptions which have been current in the letters of newspaper correspondents for a quarter of a century, and even the vigorous and picturesque language of Bayard Taylor becomes tame and commonplace when it attempts to describe this subterranean wonder of the world.

"How and when the cave was made were the leading questions in the minds of the geologists. They do not believe that the cave was the immediate result of some violent upheaval of the strata, which left these vast crevices and chambers of which the cave is composed; neither do they share the popular belief that the rapid and violent action of some subterranean stream of water has worn these deep channels through the limestone; on the contrary, they find conclusive evidence that the same agencies are at work and the same changes in progress to-day that have been slowly, steadily and quietly, through vast periods of time, accomplishing the marvellous wonders that now astonish the beholder. The cave is wrought in the stratum known as the St. Louis limestone, which in some places reaches a thickness or depth of four hundred feet. This stone is dissolved whenever it is subjected to the influence of running or dropping water impregnated with carbonic acid gas. Water exposed to the air readily absorbs this gas, and surface water, percolating through small fissures of the limestone, dissolves it. Another fact should be stated. When, during this process of solution, the water becomes thoroughly impregnated with lime, it loses its power to dissolve the stone. The following conditions, then, were essential to the production of the cave; assuming, what is not disputed by geologists, that the place where the cave now is was once nearly solid limestone: First, that there should be fissures in the strata, allowing the ingress of the surface water; secondly, that there

should be a place or places of exit for the water charged with limestone in solution. Without the latter, the water would become charged with lime, fill up the crevices, and the dissolving process would cease. These conditions are all present to-day, and have remained the same during the countless ages that have passed away while the work has been in progress. There have doubtless been times in the history of the cave, when, owing to a greater flow of water, the work has progressed more rapidly than at present; but that the results have been accomplished in the manner stated, rather than by the process of attrition by rapid currents of large volumes of water, seems to be the general opinion of scientific men. This theory is strengthened by the fact that where the cave attains its greatest heights, and reaches its lowest depths, the dripping waters have never ceased their labours, and are busily at work to-day. In the Mammoth Dome, for instance—rarely seen by visitors, on account of the dangers and fatigue incident to the journey—where the chasm attains a height and depth of more than two hundred and fifty feet, a cascade falls from a great height, and keeps the entire surface of the rocks covered with dripping water. This, falling into a deep pit below, finds an exit through which it bears away a portion of the lime composing the rock. After a walk of thirteen hours, our guide informed us that he would conduct us to the Mammoth Dome, if we felt able to bear the fatigue of the journey. Foot-sore and weary, we were not in a favourable condition for so arduous

an undertaking; but Mr. Thomas Kite, of Cincinnati, who had visited the locality thirty years ago, urged us to go, and told us the sight of this dome was worth all the rest. Provided with magnesium and calcium lights, we crawled and climbed our way to the brink of the pit, the bottom of which was reached by a rickety ladder, slippery and dripping with water. A portion of the party descended, and when all were ready the lights were ignited, and the immense dome was revealed to us in all its majestic beauty. Upon our return, three hearty cheers were given to the good friend at whose earnest solicitation we undertook this part of our journey."

I quote again from the same work: "In the drier localities, where the floors are dusty and everything indicates the prolonged absence of moisture, the ceiling is covered with a white efflorescence that displays itself in all manner of beautiful shapes. It requires no stretch of the imagination to discover among these the perfect forms of many flowers. The lily form prevails, and the ceilings of many of the chambers are covered with this beautiful stucco work, surpassing in delicacy and purity the most beautiful workmanship of man. These are not produced, as many suppose, by the dripping of water, and the gradual deposit of sulphate of lime upon the outer portions. The stalactite is formed in this manner, but these are neither stalactiform, nor are they produced in a similar way. Dripping water is the agency that forms the stalactite, while the efflorescence in the drier portions of the cave cannot take

place where there is much moisture. The growth of these beautiful forms is from within, and the outer extremities are produced first. They are the result of a sweating process in the limestone that forces the delicate filaments, of which they are composed, through the pores upon the surface of the rock, their beautiful curved forms resulting from unequal pressure at the base, or friction in the apertures through which they are forced."

Having rested for part of a day at the Mammoth Cave Hotel after our underground journey, we returned to Cave City, and started for Louisville on the same evening. We arrived at this famous city after a journey of four hours, and put up at the Louisville Hotel, which for cleanliness and comfort is unsurpassed. Like the American hotels in general, it has a fine hall, with a gallery running round it on the first floor, on to which the drawing-rooms open, and its walls are furnished with some pictures of merit.

When the news was spread that I was staying at the hotel, I was visited by a deputation from the town, and by a number of people during the day and evening. I was also serenaded in the evening by a full band, which played a variety of Irish airs, and wound up with "God save the Queen," three times repeated. I was asked to say a few words, and I accordingly thanked those who were assembled there, on behalf of my friends and myself, for their kindness, and assured them that I should have pleasure in conveying to my friends at home my great appre-

ciation of the attention that had been shown to me on their behalf. An address would have been presented to me, but that the time was so limited. Since leaving Louisville, however, I have received the address, which I insert here.

"Major ARTHUR B. LEECH, Chairman of the Irish Rifle Association, Dublin, Ireland.

"In the name of the Irish citizens of the City of Louisville and State of Kentucky, we welcome you to our young, vigorous, and progressive commonwealth—a State typical of some of the most splendid attributes of American freedom and civilization, brimful of the generous hospitality and glorious chivalry, which no one can more appreciate than an Irishman.

"We have watched with pride and pleasure the history of your excellent team, from your triumph over the English shots at Wimbledon, to a defeat at the hands of our American citizens, made glorious by the generous and good-humoured bearing with which it was received.

"We watched your history with an honest pride, as one involving the interests, the honour, and the glory of our ancient and far-distant mother land.

"Your late International contest brought the Old World face to face with the New in a spirit of generous rivalship which must do much to break and obliterate the barriers and restrictions of international comity.

"For all this we honour and welcome you to our midst with all the welcome of our transplanted Irish hearts.

"JOHN SHELLEY, *Chairman.*"

A copy of this address had been sent to me to Cincinnati, but I did not receive it. The one I now have the pleasure of acknowledging reached me on board the 'Russia,' on the 18th of November, the day I sailed for Europe, with a most friendly letter from the worthy chairman, sending all manner of kind wishes to the Irish team and the ladies of our party.

Nothing in America pleased me more than my short stay at Louisville and the kind reception I met there. Our Irish citizens here are, as at other places, prominent both in the mercantile community and in the law. Louisville, I may mention, boasts the largest locks in the world, constructed by Captain Mackenzie, an engineer officer of the American Army, who kindly gave me a photograph of the work.

Having said farewell to our friends at Louisville, we started for Washington, and on the way passed through Cincinnati, a city which rivals Chicago in the pork trade.

"The Virgin Capital," as Washington is called, a handsome and well-situated city, is, like most of the American cities, scarcely half built. The streets are laid out, and the houses are built from time to time as the necessities for accommodation increase. The

public buildings, and the charitable institutions in particular, are edifices of which any country might be proud. The Capitol, which comprises in one building the Senate House, law courts, library, museum, and picture-galleries, is not second in grandeur or architectural beauty to any building of the kind in the world. It stands on a slope which rises out of the town, and from the top of its dome a grand view can be obtained both of the city and country, which along the Potomac presents a great variety of landscape.

At Washington I received a courtesy worthy of special mention. The Treasury is one of the "lions" of the city, being the place where the "greenbacks" and other notes are manufactured. The most interesting portion of this factory, as we may call it, is closed to the public, and it was, of course, the part that I wanted most to see. I accordingly went direct to the secretary to the Treasury, Mr. Bristow, and sent in my card, not expecting to be received by a cabinet minister, but hoping to obtain an order for admission. To my surprise we were received in a few minutes by Mr. Bristow in person, who welcomed us with much cordiality, and having sent for Mr. McCarty (an Irishman, of course), the chief of the printing and engraving department, placed myself and my friends in his hands. The manufacture of notes is carried on almost exclusively by women and girls, who are for the most part the widows and daughters of officers who have served in the American Army.

Each celebrated American minister has had his

picture engraved there from time to time, and I was presented with a set, including those of General Grant and his ministers. I shall always remember this courtesy with much pleasure and satisfaction. I afterwards had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Bristow at a social gathering in New York, and of improving my acquaintance with him.

A trip of two hours down the river in the little steamer 'Arrow' brought us to Mount Vernon. The river scenery is pretty, the banks being dotted with handsome villas. The captain of the steamer shot some ducks, which were picked up by a landing-net. There is capital duck-shooting at the mouth of the Potomac, between Maryland and Virginia; but the system of poaching which flourishes there is very destructive, and a difference of opinion between the two States, both claiming the right to the sea fowl, prevents any conviction of the poachers. As, however, the States are going to settle their quarrels, we may hope that the poachers will ere long receive their deserts.

Arrived at Mount Vernon, a place regarded with much veneration by the Americans, as having been the residence of the first President of the Young Republic, I was surprised to find it so unlike what I had expected. The house is clean and neat enough, but the grounds are not well kept. Washington's vault is preserved from the public by an iron gate, which, however, has proved insufficient to save it from desecration, for it was entered by force on one occasion, when a portion of the claw of the

eagle which stands over the sarcophagus was broken off.

The Americans are much indebted to the ladies of their country, who actually purchased and presented to the nation the mansion and adjoining grounds. The house is prettily situated, looking eastward on the sea, with Maryland in the distance. An old Irishman, from the County Tyrone, presented us with some magnolia leaves from a tree at the end of the house, said to have been planted by Washington; we were also presented with bouquets of such flowers as the place could afford.

The City of Philadelphia, which we next visited, ranks as one of the foremost in America in point of commercial importance and enterprise. Here the centenary of America's independence is to be grandly celebrated in 1876. The building for the proposed International Exhibition is rapidly progressing. In it will be exhibited the representative industry of the civilized world. There can be no more fitting occasion for doing honour to America than at the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of an independence which England has long since recognized, being willing in her acknowledged greatness to concede her share to the great Republic. As one of the public, I may, therefore, express the liveliest satisfaction that England contemplates doing every honour to America on this great occasion.

The Americans, as a rule, are so warmly disposed towards us that to do otherwise than foster such a feeling would be culpable in the extreme. Feeling

as strongly on this subject as I do, I have a proposal to make, which, if adopted, may tend in some degree to encourage the feeling to which I have just alluded.

I propose that the International Rifle Match, which is to take place at Dublin in the month of June next, shall be considered the first match of the kind, and that it shall be of *annual* occurrence; that after each match the winning team shall have the option of declaring where the next match is to be shot. I propose also to invite the English and Scotch *each* to send a team to Dublin in June, 1875, to contend with the Americans and Irish for supremacy in rifle shooting, but that whichever nationality is victorious on the occasion, the succeeding match shall be shot at Philadelphia in 1876, and that the match for the All Ireland Challenge Shield shall be shot there also. This latter arrangement I can guarantee, and it is but a trifling compliment to the Americans who showed such civility to us. By the rules regulating this latter match I have reserved to myself the right of making alterations from time to time, and I am desirous of doing so now in favour of the Americans, who will be at liberty to shoot in that club match on the occasion of their visit in June.

It would be a graceful compliment to the American nation, if the gentlemen composing the American team in June were invited to compete for the Elcho Shield, at Wimbledon. Unless in future the Americans are permitted to take part in this match, the

Wimbledon visitors will be very much in the predicament of the man who ran a race by himself, and consequently came in first. I make little doubt that the Wimbledon authorities will consider any application on the subject, and that what in future will seem an ungracious exclusion will readily be avoided. In this case a fund might be raised for the purpose of contributing to champions' expenses across the Atlantic. The honour of a place in such a team may perhaps be considered by some to be a sufficient inducement to gentlemen to compete; but it should be remembered that rhe process is expensive, and that anyone who comes forward to shoot in an international match is expected to keep up a certain position.

An amusing incident occurred at the Continental Hotel, at Philadelphia. The porter who carried my portmanteau up the staircase turned round, unexpectedly, and accosted me with this remark, "Well, Major, yez did that well." "What?" I said. To which he replied, "Telling Millner to make the bull's-eye on the wrong target, to let the Americans win."

It took me a long time to persuade my countryman that my friend Millner's shot was accidental.

Having thus made a little tour through a portion of the States, the novelty of which much surpassed my previous experience as a traveller, I found myself once more in New York, on the afternoon of the 8th November, where the same warm reception was again accorded to me which I received on my arrival from Europe. There was this difference, however,

that on this occasion I was welcomed as an old friend, with a heartiness that was most refreshing.

I found a large amount of correspondence awaiting me here, of which I shall only notice the following letter from Colonel Gildersleeve:

"THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OFFICE,
93, NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK,
October 9, 1874.

"MY DEAR SIR,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association of America, held at the office of the Association, 93, Nassau Street, in the City New York, October 6, 1874, on motion of Colonel Wingate, you were unanimously elected an honorary director of said association. Be pleased to signify your acceptance or non-acceptance of the office.

"I have the honour to subscribe myself your humble and obliged servant,

"H. A. GILDERSLEEVE, *Sec. N.R.A.*

"To Major Arthur Blennerhassett Leech,
"Captain International Irish Rifle Team."

This honour I acknowledged without delay, by letter to Colonel Gildersleeve, signifying my acceptance of it, and forthwith I was invited to attend a council meeting of the association. Here I was presented with a beautiful badge as a souvenir of my visit to America, and the presentation was accompanied by some remarks from Colonel Church, who referred to

the great impetus given to rifle practice, and the benefit which had accrued to Creedmoor by this well-timed visit of the Irish riflemen. The Americans, he said, while exceeding their most sanguine expectations in defeating their trained antagonists, woul d justly thank their rivals for some valuable lessons in marksmanship, and more than this, for a most perfect example of courteous and manly conduct under a most aggravating defeat. He said he hoped he but echoed the opinion of all the directors, and of all Americans who had come in personal contact with any of the members of the Irish party, when he looked upon this first really International Match as the precursor to a long list of coming contests, where, in the friendly struggle of the rifle field, the two countries might not only decide the championship in the use of the rifle, but also cultivate that good fellowship which forms so enjoyable a part of such contests.

The following description of the badge was inserted in one of the American papers:

"The badge, which was manufactured by the Gorham Manufacturing Company, was a massive affair. The pin bar of frosted gold, on which was the inscription, 'Creedmoor, 1874,' in enamel letters. This bar supported the ribbon, and from it were pendent two massive chains, supporting in the centre two crossed rifles, entwined by American and English flags, crossed and supported on an elegantly wrought shell in burnished gold. From this again the chains drop, and support a beautiful imitation,


CREEDMOOR.
1874


CREEDMOOR
HON DIRECTOR
NRA
1874

in silver and silver gilt, of a metal cartridge and conical bullet. Around the case of the cartridge is embossed, in raised work, sprigs of laurel and berries. The whole forms a beautiful and peculiarly appropriate present."

Our party at this time had been shorn of its civic distinction, and our "reporter with the Irish team" had disappeared. The few of us, however, who were left received attentions, which, for fear of being accused of exaggeration, I must omit to particularize.

Shortly before my departure I endeavoured to acknowledge all these courtesies in the following letter to the editor of the 'New York Herald':

"FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK,
Nov. 15, 1874.

"SIR,—My friends who accompanied me to America, where we arrived on the 16th of September last, have returned to Europe, and I myself hope to sail in a day or two.

"Before I leave your hospitable shores let me request your kind permission to offer, through the 'Herald,' to the American people, our warm acknowledgments, both for the hearty welcome with which we were greeted on our arrival, and for the great attention and hospitality shown to us during our stay in New York and in every other part of your noble country which we have visited.

"We shall always bear in mind our trip to America in 1874, and ever remember with pride and pleasure that we have made the acquaintance—

may I not rather say friendship—of many of your citizens, with whom we consider it an honour to have been associated.

"Believing, as I do, that the citizens of America and Great Britain cannot be too closely drawn together, I may venture to hope that this visit may lead to other meetings of a like kind between the two nations.

"Nor can I omit to notice the newspaper references to our proceedings, which have been singularly accurate as regards facts, and too generous in their criticism: they have overlooked our shortcomings, accepting our expressed desire to do honour to the Americans by shooting a single match with them.

"I trust, sir, that next year it may be my happiness to unite with others in honouring our friends from America, on the occasion of their visit to Ireland, in June, 1875. The eager anticipation with which we all look forward to that meeting is the best measure of the hearty gratitude with which we now say farewell.

"I have the honour to remain, sir, your very faithful and obliged,

"ARTHUR B. LEECH,

Captain International Team of Irish Riflemen.

"To the Editor of the 'Herald.'"

I may now close my narrative by stating that deputations from several public bodies escorted us in carriages which they had kindly provided for us, to our place of embarkation, where a special steamer

awaited our arrival, to take us on board the Cunard steamship 'Russia,' bound for Cork. We were surrounded by men of all ranks and professions, among whom the army seemed to be most prominently represented. On this subject I may quote from a letter I lately received from a gentleman of high position in America. "I noticed," he writes, "in the letters in the Irish papers, some very natural astonishment at the number of judges, generals, colonels, &c., that you met; this is a fact that none appreciate better than the Americans, that there is a superabundance of titles of that description here." To illustrate this, my friend tells a story of a "traveller about leaving a small town by steamboat, who felt that he was becoming noticeable, because while all the other passengers had numbers of friends and acquaintances to see them off, he was solitary and unheeded. Being determined to show that he at least knew somebody, as the boat swung off, he waved his hat, and shouted in a loud voice, 'Good-bye, colonel.' Whereupon every single man composing the crowd in the dock took off his hat and shouted back 'Good-bye, colonel.'" My correspondent further remarks: "Almost everyone you meet served in the late war for a longer or shorter time, and many in the National Guard. Subsequently, during your visit to America, this class was largely represented in doing honour to you. The public now know and appreciate the advantages of rifle shooting, thanks to the visit of the Irish team." Again, my friend notices this subject: "On the day of the

match at Creedmoor, there were in a single group, inside the ropes, no less than six major-generals who had actually commanded divisions in the field, and in some instances entire army corps."

As a further proof of the opinion in America upon the title question, I may mention an anecdote I lately heard, on an authority no less high than the one I have just quoted.

"During the late bathing season, a pompous individual walked up to the office of a sea-side hotel, and having with a considerable flourish signed the book, in a loud voice exclaimed, 'I'm Lieutenant-Governor of ———.' 'That doesn't make any difference,' said the landlord; 'you'll be treated just as well as the others.'"

Not one of our citizen soldiery in England or Scotland, including the Militia, nor of our Militia in Ireland (there are no Volunteers), ever saw a shot fired in action, but still the desire for military rank in England and Scotland is most apparent. The letters referred to as having appeared in the Irish papers, ridiculing the number of military titles, are evidence of palpable if not wilful ignorance in an endeavour to make a great country appear paltry. Such writers, I can assure my American readers, have no weight in this country, and do not in any degree represent public opinion. Our newspapers repudiate such attempts at satire; but in the hurry of publication every twenty-four hours, and sometimes twice a day, a malevolent and untruthful phrase may creep in unnoticed.

The following song was written, at my request, by my friend, Stephen Elrington, of Dublin, and forwarded to me, in New York; but the communication did not reach me in time for use in America. Its publication in this record of our proceedings is only due to him, and will, I am sure, gratify our mutual friends.

ADIEU TO AMERICA.

AIR—"*Farewell, but whenever.*" (MOORE.)

I.

Farewell, ye brave sons of a marvellous land,
In fancy we grasp each American's hand;
From the shores of dear Erin we joyously came
To brethren in arms, but to rivals in *fame.*
The monarch of oceans between us may roll;
It divides but it never can *sever* each soul;
And breathing our hearts' warmest wishes for you,
We waft you a fond and reluctant *adieu.*

II.

On the banks of the *Tormes* unflinchingly stood
Two armies, awaiting a conflict of blood:
They feasted, then fought, and when battle was o'er,
Forgot all their feud, and were brothers once more.
Here the feast and the fight *by our Teams* have been changed:
We fought, then we feasted, and none are *estranged;*
And each band now withdraws from a chivalrous field,
Not a notch in its casque, nor a stain on its shield.

III.

'Tis true *one* has conquered (*which neither need say*),
But *cordially* finish our bloodless affray.
No matter with whom the *best scores* may appear,
We forget *even conquest*, while banqueting *here.*
We now must return to the Emerald Isle,
Our pennant illum'd by *Columbia's* smile;
And when *ye* "come over," *American men,*
We'll welcome your star-spangled banner again.

IV.

In the *science* we love, 'tis not easily done
To calculate changes in wind or in sun;
But we "reckon" 'tis harder, whate'er be the cause,
That rivals should *both of them merit applause.*
Ever foremost in fight shall the flags of the brave,
Irrespective of class or of country, still wave;
And mutual skill shall be ever displayed,
Be the rifle by *Rigby* or *Remington* made.

V.

We may modestly point, ere for *home* we depart,
To the scroll that is dear to an *Irishman's* heart—
To *Wimbledon's* honours—to *Clandeboy's* fame;
And no generous rival our fervour could blame.
And if to our hearts some delight it may yield
To boast we've been winners of *Elcho's* broad Shield,
We started determined *your metal* to prove,
But, winning or losing, *continue our love.*

VI.

While *toasting ye all*, you'll permit us to say,
We forget not *illustrious friends* far away.
And drink, while for ye we replenish our horn,
To *Elcho*, to *Spencer*, and stanch *Abercorn.*
"To the bright eyes of woman;" and whos' are more bright
Than the eyes that are smiling upon us to-night.
"To the eyes that will kindle, when home we shall reach,
And the Major who *stuck* to us just like a *Leech.*"

VII.

We came to compete, but to visit ye too,
And each nation displayed what *its* Rifle could *do*,
Our Chief Civic Magistrate joined the array,
And the fair Lady Mayoress made brighter each day.
Your land of the Free we, as worshippers, sought,
Where *Franklin* philosophized, *Washington* fought;
So come to old Ireland, American men,
And we'll fight and we'll revel again and again.

Since I returned from America I received from the rifle club of so remote a locality as Lima an address, which may suitably be inserted here:

"To Major ARTHUR BLENNERHASSETT LEECH, Captain of the International Team, and President of the Irish Amateur Rifle Club, Dublin.

"SECRETARY'S OFFICE, AMERICAN RIFLE CLUB,
LIMA, *November* 16, 1874.

"SIR,—The American Rifle Club of Lima hastens to congratulate you on your defeat—a defeat fully as glorious as a victory, when we regard the courage, decision, and determination of the brave men under your lead, and since even apart from Creedmoor you have made known once again to the American people the noble qualities of your countrymen.

"The targets of Creedmoor bear witness to your prowess, and even here, in far-off Peru, your Rigby rifles have struck the bull's-eye of our hearts and sympathies.

"We therefore beg you, sir, to accept, as a poor memento of our appreciation, the accompanying diploma constituting you an honorary member of our club; and at the same time entreat you to convey to your comrades the assurances of our highest admiration and esteem.

"Should you or your friends favour this remote Republic with a visit, we would not for a moment think of matching ourselves, mere neophytes in the art, against such notable antagonists, but would devote our energies towards making your sojourn as

pleasant as might be, whilst we would endeavour to further manifest our sincere appreciation for you and the members of your association.

"We have the honour to be, Sir,

Your most obedient, faithful servants,

"CHARLES S. RAND, *President.*
"P. S. CROSBY, *Secretary.*"

To this courteous letter I wrote the following reply:

"DUBLIN, *February 14th*, 1875.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Pray excuse the familiarity of my address, but, in truth, your charming letter of the 16th November, and accompanying diploma, received two days ago through my friend, Colonel Wingate, of New York, have made me feel that I am addressing warm-hearted friends rather than gentlemen whom I have never had the pleasure of meeting.

"I consider it a high honour indeed to have been made a member of your club; and I assure you that it is most gratifying to me to feel that those who sympathize with us in our desires not only to promote rifle shooting, but to encourage international goodwill, are not alone to be found in Great Britain, but that they inhabit also the more remote countries of the earth.

"Will you please to accept my grateful thanks for

this honour, so delicately conferred; and be kind enough, also, to inform Mr. Crosby and the other members of the American Club at Lima, how highly I appreciate the compliment, which it will be my gratifying duty on an early occasion to bring to the notice of the Irish public.

"I have pleasure in offering for your acceptance the bronze medal of our Irish Rifle Association, to be shot for by the members of your club.

"Believe me to be,

My dear Mr. President,

Your faithful and sincere,

"ARTHUR B. LEECH.

"CHARLES S. RAND, Esq.,
President, American Rifle Club, Lima, Peru."

CHAPTER VIII.

"The forest music is to hear the hounds
Rend the thin air, and with a lusty cry
Awake the drowsy echo, and confound
Their perfect language in a mingled voice."—GAY.

As I did not accompany the amateur sportsmen to the wild prairies and backwoods of the West, I am indebted for a description of the excursion to one of the team, as well as to an account published in 'Forest and Stream,' by the editor, Mr. Hallock, who had kindly volunteered his services, and organized the expedition. The party was originally intended to consist of ten gentlemen and three ladies; but owing to a delay in the arrangements due to the "Battle of the Rifles," it was reduced ultimately to the following adventurous spirits: Messrs. John Rigby, Edmund Johnson, J. K. Millner, John Bagnell, J. J. Kelly, and Charles Hallock ('Forest and Stream'). These gentlemen met by appointment at the Grand Central Hotel, at four o'clock in the evening, after the match above alluded to was decided, and proceeded to the terminus of the Erie Railway. My informant proceeds with his narrative as follows:

"We started at eight o'clock P.M. in one of Pull-

man's great sleeping cars, and after a comfortable night's rest (for we had somewhat retrieved our reputation as riflemen), we awoke next morning some 300 miles from New York. At about eleven o'clock we received a telegram down the line that our gallant captain, Major Leech, was waiting for us at the Buffalo Station, where we arrived a quarter of an hour afterwards. Here we met him, and he proposed that we should break the journey, and proceed to Niagara, a distance of about twenty miles. Although we had intended to 'do' Niagara on our return journey, we adopted the suggestion, and accompanied by Major Leech, proceeded to see this great wonder of nature. By some mischance we did not alight at the usual station for the accommodation of tourists, but were carried some three miles farther to a station on the Canadian shore. There was nothing left for it, therefore, but to drive straight to the Falls, and we had reason to congratulate ourselves on our mistake, for we arrived, by the last approach, at the position from which Niagara bursts on the view in all its grandeur. Having thoroughly viewed the Falls from various points on the Canadian side, we decided on crossing the river, and witnessing them from the opposite banks also. This was effected by embarking in a small ferryboat, about a thousand yards below the Horse-shoe Fall, and still in the 'rapids.' The experienced Charon held on by a boat-hook to a rock while we stepped on board, and we were soon adrift, suddenly dashing amongst the eddies into

what seemed like a dangerous proximity to the boiling whirlpools.

"Skilfully and rapidly working at one side of the boat only, the ferryman turned the boat into a current which swept us with fearful velocity towards the American shore. Another few moments and we were in perfectly smooth water, and were paddled towards a small house, into which we entered on landing. From this building a tram-line runs up the sloping banks of the river at an angle of 45°, and on this runs a car, which is drawn up by ropes, the motive power being hydraulic. In this way we were quickly raised to a height of some 150 yards. Leaving the car, we viewed the American fall and the rapids above, and then proceeded to the International Hotel, highly pleased with the stupendous magnificence of world-famed Niagara, which one might spend days in looking at with increasing and delightful wonder. Here we found Lord and Lady Massareene, and were glad to learn that his lordship had been passing his time very pleasantly. He had just returned from a day's shooting on Goat Island, which divides the Falls into the Greater and Lesser Horse-shoes, and had bagged some woodcock. The American woodcock differs from the British bird in being smaller, and much more clumsy about the neck, and its breast is tinged with red. After dinner we took leave of our friends who were remaining at Niagara, and set out on our long journey to the 'Far West.'"

Before proceeding farther with Mr. Johnson's nar-

rative, I may be pardoned if I quote from the report of 'Forest and Stream' some particulars as to the original preparations and their subsequent disarrangement, and the disappointment that followed.

"Immediately after the conclusion of the International Rifle Match, at Creedmoor, last September, between the American and Irish teams, Major A. B. Leech, the Irish captain, expressed a desire, on behalf of several of the members and their ladies, to visit the remote West, on a short hunting excursion: whereupon the editor of the 'Forest and Stream' offered his services, which were accepted by Major Leech in a courteous note, and then immediately set about arranging an acceptable programme of the trip. He entrusted the management of the western division to G. W. Dorman, Esq., of Hannibal, Missouri, while with much telegraphing and correspondence, he essayed to make pleasant the journey between New York and Hannibal. Railway companies responded with generous alacrity, and provided passes and special coaches, the Erie Railway placing at their disposal its finest palace car, costing $40,000, which was soon after burned at Clifton, Canada. Receptions were arranged at Buffalo and Toledo, and a committee of railway officials and prominent citizens was delegated from Hannibal to go up the Wabash and Great Western road, as far as Decatur, and escort the distinguished guests to their first objective point, Hannibal, where lodging cars, dogs, hunters, tents, provisions, and all necessary equipments for the hunt were to be in readiness,

provided conjointly by private parties and the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad Company. Thence the party were to proceed to Kansas and the Indian territory, and the hunt would begin.

"Doubtless the programme and journey would have been carried out through all its agreeable continuity, had not several of the Irishmen decided to postpone the start in order to compete for the Bennett Challenge Cup, on October 2. Meanwhile Major Leech himself, the ladies, and those not participating in the rifle match, went on a visit to Niagara Falls, and thence proceeded to Buffalo by telegraphic order, where they awaited the arrival of the rear-guard on Monday at noon, October 4. This delay of six days unavoidably threw the machinery of the pre-arrangement altogether out of gear, so that when the ranks of the excursionists were closed up and numbers told off, it was found that no provision whatever had been made for the party (now comprising ten gentlemen and three ladies), all of whom were left standing at fault in the inhospitable depôt shed, while the trains that should have borne them westward sped away! This *fiasco* so discouraged the visitors that all but five of the gentlemen, and the editor of this journal, returned to Niagara Falls by the first train. The desertion of so large a part of the expedition at once dashed the ardour of the remainder. Major Leech, the distinguished chief, and the ladies, all of whom were adepts in the chase at home, being left out, the hunt of the 'Irish team,' as such, then and there practically received its *coup de grâce*. The *éclat* of

the tour was lost in the decimation. The honourable fragment could not maintain the importance or command the consideration of the distinguished whole. Curiosity of the interviewing public was proportionately abated. State receptions along the line were of course wiped off. Railway officials and delegated committees, who had held themselves in readiness to meet appointments, found their professional duties pressing upon them. Special cars were countermanded. And so the original programme lapsed. The issue was unfortunate, and the disappointment great in all quarters."

To return to Mr. Johnson's narrative: "We started the same evening for Buffalo, where we had engaged apartments in the Mansion House Hotel. Upon our arrival we found an invitation awaiting us from the Foresters' Club to pay them a visit. The invitation was gracefully given and cordially accepted, and we at once proceeded to their club rooms. Here we were met by the president and several members, who treated us with the greatest kindness and hospitality.

"Having entered our names in the visitors' book, we were conducted through the premises, and shown one of the finest collections of the birds and beasts indigenous to the American continent of which the United States can boast—proofs of the skill of the hunters of whom this club is composed. We accepted an invitation to supper, and while that repast was being prepared whiled away the time at a game of billiards and interchange of ideas on shooting in

general. The billiard-table, as is usual in America, is without 'pockets.' The cues are double the usual weight; the balls are almost twice the size of those employed at home; and the game played is the continental game 'carour.' Messrs. Rigby, Millner, and Kelly only were able to avail themselves of the hospitality so kindly given. 'Catawba' and champagne of the best brand flowed freely, and the first of the small hours was reached before the Irish guests were allowed to leave for their hotel. As we had to leave Buffalo immediately, there was no time for sleep or food. We resumed our journey, therefore, carrying with us pleasant as well as grateful reminiscences of the Foresters' Club of Buffalo. We were not sorry when at seven o'clock the train reached Cleveland, and we heard the welcome announcement—proclaimed by a 'coloured pusson' who was beating a gong—'Twenty minutes for breakfast.' It did not take long to empty the cars, and the 'knowing ones' set to work right 'slick' off. The style was rather different from what we are accustomed to at home, and a word or two about it may be of use to future visitors. Scarcely had the train stopped when there was a spring out of the cars, and a rush into the *salle à manger*. Speedily everyone hustled or bustled into a seat, and then a number of tidily-dressed 'critters' proceeded to place before each person small delft dishes, containing a variety of viands: boiled and roast meat, portions of fowl, pumpkin pie, and all sorts of sweets; and these the

full-fledged Yankee, with a true appreciation of the value of time and breakfast, dispatched indiscriminately, the order of 'courses' being entirely ignored. There was nothing there in the shape of 'liquoring up'—no beverage stronger than tea, coffee, or iced water being used. Then came a course of buckwheat cake and molasses, one of the most delicious additions to a breakfast that can be imagined.

"The Americans cleared away all before them in some seven or eight minutes, had their cigars lighted, and were conversing, 'guessing,' or 'calculating' together during the remainder of the allotted time; while we poor 'slow-coach' Britishers—whether from want of appetite or from the force of habit—had not half finished when the 'All aboard' of the guard startled us, and off we had to go again, tearing and rattling through a splendid country along the iron road, which runs along the coast of Lake Erie for nearly 200 miles.

"Toledo was reached without further incident, and as there was half an hour allowed here for dinner, we looked forward to making up for our sloth at breakfast. Our consternation then may here be more readily imagined than described at finding a crowd waiting on the platform to give us an ovation, and alas! to destroy our chance of a dinner. There was his honour Mayor Jones, besides several members of the corporation; the Rev. Father Hannin, Mr. Lock, Mr. Superintendent Malcolm, and other officials of the Toledo, Wabash, and Great Western Railroad, all waiting to welcome us. And right cor-

dially they did it, giving us a pressing invitation to pay them a visit on our return journey. Toledo is populated almost solely by our countrymen, and hence our enthusiastic reception. Addresses, introductions, hand-shaking—such delicate squeezes!—occupied the entire thirty minutes, and we were left without a chance of dining. We were, however, introduced to several military and civic dignitaries, and made lions of for the half hour; but we were hungry lions. Several of our newly-made Toledo friends entered the carriage with us, and having accompanied us a distance of 50 miles along the line, 'parted' us with mutual good wishes. Here we did ample justice to a good supper, and it was admitted by us all that a more kindly Irish welcome we did not receive during our brief stay in America than from the good folk at Toledo. All that night we were still speeding westward in that excellent 'American institution,' the Pullman's sleeping car, which has been so often described that it is almost unnecessary to refer to it further here. We can only say that the comfort and accommodation it afforded saved us from feeling much of the fatigue and *ennui* which a long journey was calculated to produce.

"The day after leaving Toledo we crossed the railway bridge over the Mississippi, and immediately found ourselves in the city named after the great Carthaginian general, Hannibal. Here we were met by Mr. Dorman, one of the most enthusiastic sportsmen in that part of the country, and

by several of the citizens, who escorted us, after a warm welcome, to the Planters' Hotel. We were also introduced to a Mr. Hope, an English gentleman, who has an estate on the Mississippi, and who proposed to accompany us, bringing with him several fine hunting dogs, and the services (which afterwards proved to be invaluable) of his Indian servant, 'Lee.' We gladly accepted his offer, and spent the remainder of the day in preparing our guns, ammunition, luggage, &c., the pile of which, with the addition caused by the access to our party, now looked very formidable. We were near our place of destination, but saw no signs as yet of the boundless prairies which were to be the field of our sport.

"Hannibal is a lumber town (i. e. timber town), of about 12,000 inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the Mississippi, here about a mile wide. At either end of the town rise bold bluffs, from which beautiful views of the river and its wooded islets are obtained.

"Another night's travelling by rail brought us to 'Schell City'—save the mark. This 'city' is situated in the middle of the prairie, and consists of one really good hotel, with a few outhouses, and probably contains some fifty inhabitants. Our plan was to hunt here for the day, and go on the following night.

"Having breakfasted, we all started from the hotel for a day's quail and prairie chicken shooting. Two waggons were drawn up at the door, every man shouldering his double gun, and we set off, attended

by four setters and two pointers. We managed to get over about four miles pretty quietly, and then made arrangements for the attack. Having divided ourselves into pairs, we started in different directions over the prairie, and soon the popping of guns proved that the work of execution was briskly proceeding. After a hard day's sport the parties returned laden with spoil. There were rabbits, few prairie chickens, but a large number of quails. Some of us relished the quail exceedingly that evening. A capital appetite after our day's toil told heavily on the viands. We were all in the humour for an early bed, as the watchword for the morrow was still 'Westward, ho!'

"Another day's journey by rail, lasting from morning till evening, was performed, and would have been tedious but for the new and strange scenes through which we were passing, the alterations and lively conversation of our new friends, and the novel spectacle of a prairie on fire. At six o'clock in the evening we arrived at Chetopa, in Kansas, on the border of the Indian territory, and at once drove to the principal hotel. They did their best, but furnished very poor fare compared to the luxuries we had been accustomed to in New York.

"After supper we strolled out along the main street of this frontier town, which boasts some very good shops and a newspaper. There are half a dozen wooden churches, belonging to as many different denominations of Christians; but on inquiry for the priest or minister, we found that service was con-

ducted once a month only by non-resident clergy. A lofty and pretentious red-brick building, the only edifying brick or stone for fifty miles round, towers over the town, and is visible at a great distance from the surrounding prairies. It represented the dominant idea of new communities in America, and is not, as in England, a tavern, with 'Barclay, Perkins, and Co.' in gigantic gold letters round the cornice, but the public free school.

"The large number of prairie hens which we saw here being packed for transportation to distant markets, assured us that game was plentiful in this neighbourhood. Accordingly we arranged to start on the morrow for a full day's chicken shooting; and having made provision for waggons and guides to accompany us, resigned ourselves to a night of horror, in the vain attempt to forget in sleep the bloodsucking host which, led by their mosquito trumpeter, attacked us on all sides. Morning came at last, with its cloudless sky and brilliant sun, far surpassing the midsummer glory in our latitude. A drive of 10 miles brought us to ground where game was plentiful, and a very enjoyable day's shooting was the result. The heat was very trying, particularly to the dogs; but as the birds lie best in the middle of the day, we stripped to shirt and trowsers and tramped on, defiant of sunstroke. There was good grass here, and fewer grasshoppers than in Missouri, but water was very scarce, the settlers' wells being generally dry.

"We returned at sunset with waggons well filled

with birds, to find that a circus company had pitched their tents during the day, and that all the Chetopa world would be going to see the performance. The fact of our arrival also had been 'noised abroad,' and the manager of the circus waited on us at the hotel and presented us with tickets, as a compliment to the 'Irish team.' Having nothing to do in the evening, we gladly accepted his kind offer, and had an opportunity of seeing a most incongruous crowd of whites, negroes, Indians, and half-breeds, witnessing the extraordinary performances of some clever artists. Unknown to us, our intended visit had been announced all over the town, by posters, and we were rather astonished on receiving quite an ovation from the assembled Cherokees, Choctaws, Arraphoes, or whatever tribes there might have been there. The clown was an Irishman, and made a characteristic and amusing stump speech, in which we were alluded to in a manner which induced a belief that the Lord Mayor, Major Leech, the 'Irish Six,' &c., were all there. He said there was a celebrated leech in the 'ould counthry' who could 'draw' people, but here was a man named Leech who had come across the Atlantic, and who could 'draw houses' at this side of the water. There was a charming young damsel of the troupe, in whose mouth butter would hardly melt, she was so gentle and soft spoken, and yet her principal performance was catching up a chair by her teeth only, and swinging it over her head; and she wound up by being drawn to the roof of the tent, by a rope which she held in the same

manner—by her teeth only. She was called the 'Iron-jawed Lady.' After all was over, Mr. Hallock invited the leading performers to the hotel, and with the help of several dozen of champagne, and any quantity of cigars, &c., aided in giving them and us a very pleasant half hour. They had just passed through the Indian territory, and related some extraordinary adventures to us.

"They took their leave, as they had to make a night journey into Texas, and perform next evening at a distant town.

"Next day was spent in making preparations for a further expedition into the Indian territory, and two waggons, suitable only for prairie travelling, were chartered. They are drawn by two horses, have four light wooden wheels, and are made with and without springs. Ours had no springs, and we often regretted their absence. Pots, pans, potatoes, and other necessary articles had to be purchased, but we bought no meat, as we considered that if we did not supply ourselves gratis we did not deserve any. We started in the afternoon of the following day, the delay having been occasioned by the unwillingness of our guide's wife to permit him to enter the Indian territory, as, about three weeks before, a disturbance had occurred in Chetopa, caused by certain half-breeds, who got drunk and seized the railway station, which they held possession of for three hours, firing their pistols and breaking all the windows. A posse of the townsmen, under the sheriff, had at last dislodged them, and forced them to take to horse; and during their

retreat our guide, Bob Orme, had shot one of them badly with buckshot. He was carried off wounded by his companions, but dropped his revolver, which Orme took possession of. Having satisfied his wife that her fears were exaggerated, he at last got under weigh. This Orme was a stalwart borderer, had served through the war, and proved a good hunter and a pleasant companion. Certainly he had a profound contempt for the danger which alarmed his wife. Harry Green, a settler in the neighbourhood, accompanied us, driving his own team. A nephew of his also came on horseback, who acted as an advance-guard, and could bring down a 'chicken' from the saddle, and pick it up from the ground without alighting. A mile or two brought us to Boundary House, and then we entered what is known as 'the Territory,' a state reserved for Indian tribes, under an Indian governor, and about as large as Ireland. It is very thinly inhabited; the borders give refuge to many outlaws who have fled from arrest in the States, and lawless acts are not uncommon. Our advance was picturesque. In front rode our cavalier; half a mile behind him marched Rigby and Millner, with their double breech-loaders on full cock. They looked bold enough, but might be said to be 'chicken'-hearted and ready to 'quail.' At another quarter-mile interval came the main body, consisting of Dorman, Hope, Kelly, Bagnell, Hallock, Lee, Orme, and myself on foot, and the waggons with their respective drivers. No vestige of a track was visible, but they drove straight ahead, without craning at any obstacle.

"The Boundary House is about half a mile from Chetopa, and having passed this, we found ourselves in the Indian territory, and about to make our first essay in hunting on the wild primitive prairie. Before us a wide expanse of undulating country extended as far as the eye could reach, with here and there a belt of trees, marking the course of the creeks and sufficient to relieve the landscape. The scenery was lovely, the weather delightful, and our spirits rose accordingly. We had scarcely gone a mile when our first *contretemps* occurred; our deer-hound, the only one we had, jumped from the driver's side of the waggon, and the wheel passed over his leg. He yelped and lay down, and we all thought the dog's leg was broken. There was a unanimous exclamation to that effect. Lee, however, made light of the matter, felt the bone, and said all would be right by the next day. Never was a dog more carefully attended to than that quadruped. The limb was bound up, and he was placed carefully on a bed of hay in the waggon. When we had slowly accomplished about 15 miles, the 'shades' of evening closed around. There is very little twilight here, and the choice of quarters for the night must be decided on without delay. The experienced old hunters and guides were evidently making for some point well known to them, and after having plodded along almost in darkness, we arrived at a grove of trees, in an angle of which we decided to encamp. The ashes of recent fires showed us that this was a haunt of the hunters. A foraging party was told off to gather sticks, which

were plentiful. A large fire was kindled, and Lee soon spread before us a large dish of stewed quail, bacon, and potatoes. Coffee was made, and junks of bread were served out. Our appetites were too good to allow of any nice criticism as to the manner in which the meal was served, and it was partaken of with gusto, and to an extent that surprised ourselves. Then we gathered around the fire, and a few hours were passed in listening to song, anecdotes, and the adventurous tales of a hunter's life. Bagnell's humorous songs met with thorough appreciation from our friends and guides. Our merriment was occasionally broken in upon by the distant howling of the wolf, or the hooting of the owl in the forest beside us, in cadences that made the tyro hunters almost shudder. Then to 'bed,' all friends and 'jolly good fellows.' An Indian haystack accommodated two of the party, the waggons four, and the remainder spread their buffalo robes on the ground round the fire. It was not long before all were in a sound sleep. The pair who slept in the haystack dug a hole in the hay, and lay down in it, for comfort's sake. We all took the precaution of keeping our rifles beside us. One of the gentlemen in the haystack, having a Martini-Henry rifle on full cock beside him, was awakened in the middle of the night by a snuffling sound, as if a wolf had scented them and was looking for prey; but he could see nothing, although the nose of the animal was close to his ear. He jumped up and seized his rifle, but the noise scared the intruder, and it made

off in the darkness. At five o'clock in the morning Bob Orme aroused us with a terrific Indian war-whoop. In a moment all was life and bustle. The fire was replenished, our horses were 'put to,' coffee was made, and breakfast taken in the best way possible. Our road was at first through timber; and as it was decided that on this day there should be a deer hunt, Orme gave strict injunctions that not a trigger should be pulled, except on deer or wild turkey. Rifles were taken out and loaded, and the shot-guns were charged with buckshot. Ere long we left the forest behind us, and a fine rolling country opened to our view. Bob Orme was by silent consent elected our leader or general, and a better one we could not have desired. We were paired off, and the various couples diverged like radii from a common centre, but still forward to seek their own game. The waggon-drivers were directed to keep at a distance of a quarter of a mile. We made towards a range of low hills in front, with several ravines down the sides, in which we expected to find deer. Each pair selected a ravine, and when we got to the foot of the hills, the ends of our scattered line were half a mile asunder. We went in for 'jumping' or 'bouncing' the deer in these 'draws,' and proceeded cautiously up the hill, one walking at either side of each ravine, which was about twenty yards wide, and all keeping a sharp look-out, so that nothing that might start up could escape us. Several of us reached the top without pulling a trigger. Suddenly two sharp reports were heard; and on going to the

point from which they proceeded, we found that Millner and Lee had 'jumped' a fine buck, which had received his *coup de grâce*, the shot of the former having taken effect in his head, and that of the latter in the shoulder. Either dose would have stopped his career. The deer sprang into the air, and fell back amongst the bushes. This was our first venison. Orme came up, and without even an exclamation or observation, with a hunter's coolness and skill, took out his clasp-knife, and in a couple of minutes, with a rapidity Arthur Orton could scarcely have rivalled, had done all that a butcher could do upon the carcass. Then the hunt was recommenced. Messrs. Orme and Hope proceeded along the big ravine, in which Bob said there was certain to be a 'find.' They had almost reached the end of it, when two splendid bucks coolly walked out to the open prairie on Mr. Hope's side. He fired, but missed them."

Mr. Hallock gives the following description of the first day's hunt, and camp life:

"A fifteen-mile drive over the open prairie brought them to their first camp on Cabin Creek, in the Indian territory, an ample supply of birds for supper having been secured on the route. All traces of civilization were left behind as soon as the line was crossed. Most exhilarating was the ride into the 'Nation' over the long undulating sweeps of prairie, broken only by occasional groves of oak and long stretches of timber that fringed the beds of creeks now dry. Brown for the most part and seared by the long-continued drought, the dry grass swept the

knees; but here and there, at intervals, where fires had run over large areas some weeks before, the blades were of intensest vivid green, looking like compacted sward at a distance, but under foot scant and scattered, affording no sustenance for the deer that usually ranged these regions. Grasshoppers, droughts, and fires had scourged the land, and very little animal life was seen. Occasionally a ground squirrel or crawfish scrambled into its hole, and a solitary buzzard sailed lazily overhead. Smokes from numerous fires hung over the horizon, or belched upward in thick volume from behind some intervening knoll. In the swales, where the seeds of ranker grass afforded food for straggling flocks of prairie hens, the dogs would sometimes make a point, and a half dozen birds would drop to the sportsmen's guns; the unhurt residue flying a half mile or more out of sight and harm's way. Atmospheric effects were sometimes weird. While elevated objects stood out with remarkable distinctness, the refraction was such that the unaccustomed eye could hardly determine whether they were far off or near. They lost their distinctive outlines in a kind of mirage, so that a solitary bush that crested a knoll was mistaken for an Indian vedette, and distant trees looked like houses or stacks of hay. Toward sundown, when these objects cast their lengthened shadows, illusions were intensified, and then the vivid green of distant grass patches glowed in the light with a coppery hue that dazzled the eye. Very different to the Irishmen were these

prairie experiences from the renderings of their native moors. The hunt of the 'Team' in the West had excited among sportsmen an interest greater than mere curiosity, for the desire was general to know whether they acquitted themselves as creditably in the Field as at the Range; whether their practice would challenge favourable comparison with our own. In short, the hunt was regarded by many as a sort of field trial, which was to test their endurance of the rough vicissitudes of the bush and bivouac, and their ability to shoot a deer off-hand as far as they could see him as easily as they could pink the centre of a target at a thousand yards range. The discipline imposed upon them was severe from the outset. The brawny borderers who took them in charge catered for them in their own rude fashion. No dainties filled their provender kit. The commissary was barren of canned fruits, condensed milk, and preserved meats. A single string of onions and a jar of pickles were the only luxuries. Hard tack, salt pork, butter, tea and sugar filled up the measure of their supplies. When they camped at night it was a toss for the four places in the single tent. The two waggons accommodated four lodgers more, and the remainder of the party had choice of the best spots around the fire. Fifteen miles they had to travel the first day over the scathed prairie before they found any water at all, and when they pulled up at a creek which ran bank full in spring, they found only a shallow puddle in the bottom, across which an impounded catfish scuttled vigorously,

stirring up the mud in an oily wave as he swam. Here they were compelled to spread their blankets. Fortunately, a two-gallon keg, brought from town, furnished sufficient good water for the tea-kettle. For the chicken stew six quarts of doubtful fluid were carefully skimmed in tin cups from the surface of the puddle. The horses drank sparingly at the brink, and were mired to the knees in the attempt. The second night the party fared worse. Pure water would have sold then at a high figure, for all were thirsty. The guides had tested two of the customary camping places, and at each found the creek beds dry and cracked, with small dead fish scattered about where the water had soaked in and left them. A third attempt discovered a considerable puddle; and camp was accordingly made in the timber hard by. There was no other water within several miles. Green ooze rankled thick on its surface. The thirsty horses blew a small circle into it with their nostrils and were soon satisfied. For culinary purposes the liquid was not a success. Experimental tests were not assuring; and so pot, frying-pan, and tea-kettle were dispensed with. Each man cut a stick and toasted his meat over the hot coals. Millner (of the team) had been fortunate enough to shoot a fine buck that day, whose flesh, together with the birds that had dropped to the gunners, made a most ample and delicious repast."

But to resume the narrative. "Various known haunts of deer were hunted up, some requiring walks of seven or eight miles, but without success. The

Indians had burned the grass of the prairie but a few weeks before, and consequently destroyed that part of the country for hunting purposes. We had no further success to boast of that morning, so we made for a small pool some miles down the valley, where we had a rendezvous. Here we made a capital dinner off bacon, venison, and a few prairie chickens, the latter having been shot by one of the team in a surreptitious manner. Our next halting-place being six or seven miles farther on, the orders of the day were now changed, and leave given to shoot anything and everything in the way of game that came across us. Buckshot was then drawn, and No. 6 substituted, and we advanced, making small detours, and doing good execution. Each man was more or less successful, and when we had assembled, the result of our work was a tolerably good bag of quail and prairie chicken. Our camping ground that night was in a hollow, at the bottom of which were trees whose tops just reached the prairie level. The water was dirty and muddy, as was all the water we saw during our stay on the prairie. We had a capital venison stew, as well as coffee, prepared by Lee, and after supper spent a pleasant and merry evening with songs, stories, &c., until a late hour. Mr. Hope proposed a 'coon hunt,' and took a couple of dogs with him for a 'find,' but returned unsuccessful. Hairbreadth escapes from Indians, &c., were described by the hunters, and the intervals were enlivened by songs. The horrors of scalping were enlarged upon, and Bob Orme, in the course of his

discoursing, informed us that we were on the verge of the war tribes' territory, and that he should not be surprised if we found ourselves at any moment in unpleasant proximity to hostile Indians in their war-paint, and eager for scalps. The words were scarcely uttered when the awful yell of the Indian war-whoop sounded in our ears from within a few yards of us, causing great consternation. In a moment, however, we were on our feet, every man grasping his rifle—Dorman his Henry repeater, intended for emergencies such as this. The alarm was but momentary; for seeing that we were likely to 'die game,' a smile gradually spread over the sunburnt features of our friend Bob Orme, and Green emerged from the trees in which he had ensconced himself, laughing heartily. The false alarm had been arranged between them; but, as a Yankee would say, 'that 'ere yell war enough to make a fellow's hair stand straight up, and no mistake.' Immediately afterwards 'we went to roost' as best we might, and the moment our heads touched the 'pillow' were sound asleep.

"Up again at five o'clock in the morning, and after a hasty repast as before we took a circuitous route, leading towards home, and worked to find deer, but the fire had effectually 'scared' them. On one occasion, while on the march, the two waggons were about a mile apart, following parallel ridges, a 'draw' running through the bottom, and three or four stragglers covering the intervening space. The only horseman was far in the rear, galloping leisurely along the edge of the draw, when someone looking

that way saw two deer suddenly leap from the rank dry grass, with a blue puff of smoke following from the saddle. Then the deer, apparently unhurt, scurried along the open prairie, heading towards the party, the horseman at their heels, loading as he ran. On they flew, keeping the course of the creek. The alarm was spread. Hunter No. 2 took a flying shot at them as they passed within fifty yards of him, the horseman now more than distanced and considerably blown. Prettily the graceful creatures ran together, the doe lapping her consort by half a length. The waggons now closed in to head them off. Hunters Nos. 2 and 3, stationed at the base of the prairie ridge, let drive simultaneously, and turned them up the side of the ridge towards a waggon, No. 1. Discovering this new obstacle, the deer doubled gracefully back towards the draw, going at a 2.20 gait, and followed by a volley from the charioteer and three others who had jumped in, and were now going at a breakneck pace down the hill. At the bottom three more stragglers fired ineffectually, and it seemed as though the game was sure to get away, there being only three men in the remaining waggon to intercept them. Two of these jumped out and ran over a knoll which the deer were now skirting, and the waggon thus lightened made good time over the course. The horses had good mettle, and were withal somewhat frightened. The driver, an old borderer named Green, was desperate and mad. The deer kept to the draw, being on one side of it and the waggon on the other, not

6 yards distance. All did their 'level best,' and marvellous was the way in which old 'six seal' clattered over the gullies and golsher holes. Blankets and overcoats rattled out, cushions were spilled over the side, and demijohns and pickles danced in the bottom. Down on his knees, and bouncing in a fashion that defied all certainty of aim, with the reins flying loosely over the backs of the horses, Green gradually drew on the game, and making a spurt, let them have it with both barrels at close range. The blue smoke streamed off in a double pennant as pursuer and pursued both vanished round the knoll. After a short interval the stragglers came up, and mounting the ridge, saw, in the far distance, two dingy little objects, that looked like mice, disappearing from sight in a fringe of timber.

"After a long day's march the houses of Chetopa shone white on the distant horizon, and a push was made to get there before dark, but the sun had long set before we arrived. We were not long in seeking rest, refreshment, and shelter in the hotel. In the course of the day we met an Indian boy, of the Cherokee tribe, mounted on a mustang, and armed with a single-barrelled shot-gun. He was engaged in hunting deer, and must have been very clever indeed, for his gun could not kill a deer at over 20 yards distance; and yet he was able to bring in several every week. All spoke English very badly. Thus ended our expedition, which was, at any rate, pleasant, if it was not as successful (in point of amount of game bagged) as we could have wished.

"Dreading another night in the mosquito-haunted bed-rooms of Chetopa, we betook ourselves to the railway, and at midnight a train arrived from Texas. We ensconced ourselves comfortably in the sleeping-car, and, travelling all night, arrived at Sedalia, in Missouri, for breakfast. There our party separated, Messrs. J. Rigby, J. J. Kelly, and myself taking the train to St. Louis, while Messrs. Millner and Bagnell returned to Hannibal, where they were entertained by Mr. Hope, of La Grange, at his residence, and enjoyed the hospitality of this gentleman until they met their three companions again in Chicago.

"Meantime we arrived at St. Louis after a long day's journey, and hailed with delight our return to civilization and beds with musquito curtains, and all comforts of a first-class hotel.

"After entering our names in the hotel book we retired to rest. We were much surprised when at breakfast to find in the 'St. Louis Times' an announcement of our arrival, as representatives of the Irish Rifle team, with a programme of our intended doings during our stay in that city. The programme included a prize meeting of the local rifle association, besides a number of special excursions, arranged by the citizens for our special benefit, in the vicinity, which would have enabled us to spend our time pleasantly and agreeably. The short time at our disposal unfortunately prevented us from availing ourselves of several pleasurable trips; but during the two days we remained in St. Louis we received

the greatest possible kindness and attention from a deputation of citizens headed by Colonel Shaler Smith, General Duke, Dr. Barnett, Mr. Hagerty, and others, whose hospitality we shall not soon forget. All whom we met were indeed exceedingly kind. We were hospitably entertained by Mr. Shaw, and viewed his celebrated gardens. We proceeded by the 'Mississippi' steamer to Hannibal, and were delighted with the picturesque scenery of that noble river. At Hannibal we rejoined Mr. Hallock, who had waited for us there, and accompanied him by the Burlington and Quincy Railway to Chicago.

"The shades of evening had closed in when we arrived at Chicago. As the train 'slowed' into the station we were discussing about hotels, baggage, and all other troubles that usually fill a traveller's mind, when happily in another minute we were taken possession of by a host of friends, headed by Mr. J. G. True, who had carriages in waiting, and we found that our reputation here as well as elsewhere had gone before us. A good round of hand-shaking, and then the good-natured 'Jump in, never mind your baggage,' showed that we were amongst friends of the right sort, and well cared for. We drove to the Palmer House, the finest hotel in Chicago, and perhaps in America: it is called after Mr. Potter Palmer, its proprietor, and is conducted on the American system, viz. everyone stopping there pays $4 per diem. You can have meals at all hours in the dining-hall of the most *recherché* description, and your bed-

room is very large and magnificently furnished, with a bath-room attached. Altogether you pay about the same as in a first-class London hotel, and get very much better value.

"Our captain, Major Leech, had arrived before us, and already seemed to know everyone here. We also met Mr. Waterhouse, who was going to Denver, in the Rocky Mountains, with Col. Archer. The evening was spent in introductions and hand-squeezing (gentlemen only), and comparing notes of travel. The next day a carriage was placed at our disposal, and we were driven through the city and to every point worth visiting. It is difficult to realize the fact that the busy thoroughfare through which we were passing, with its beautiful buildings constructed of immense blocks of marble, exquisitely chiselled, was but three years before a heap of charred ruins. The lines of houses are quite perfect, and tenanted to the topmost flat by busy, commercial, money-making men, who are all sanguine that some day (not very far hence) Chicago will stand first amongst the cities of the world. We drove to the outskirts, and visited Dexter Park, the most celebrated trotting track in America, where 'Goldsmith Maid' and 'Dexter' have earned their brightest laurels. We also visited the cattle market in the vicinity.

"The Chicagois have very exalted notions of their city, and for miles round it is marked out in streets, and squares and parks, which, were they all built upon and complete, would undoubtedly form the largest city in the world. But it is an old saying,

'Rome was not built in a day,' and this applies especially to Chicago at the present day, for a city cannot increase unless its surroundings improve. Since the fire the movement in the city has been more rapid than satisfactory, and considering the enormous expenditure to which the citizens have been put, it will be probably many a long day before there will be further visible improvement in Chicago. We returned from our drive highly pleased with the magnificence of all we saw. This was a gala day in Chicago. It was the wedding day of Mr. Grant (son of the President), whose bride was Miss Honori, a lady who had the reputation of being 'one of the handsomest women in America.' I did not see her, but her sister, Mrs. Potter Palmer, would certainly have a claim to the apple thrown 'for the fairest.' In the evening Major Leech spent some time with the President and Mrs. Grant, and afterwards introduced us to General Custer and others on the President's staff. The general, who is an enthusiast about rifle shooting, here accepted a highly finished Rigby match rifle, the gift of Major Leech, which is doubtless the nucleus of the Chicago Long-Range Rifle Club.

"The next day we were waited on by a considerable number of sporting men, amongst whom were Mr. Wilmarth, Mr. Felton, Mr. Eddy Thomas, &c. They had carriages in attendance, and proposed to drive us some four miles out of town to witness a pigeon match. We cordially accepted their invitation, for we were curious to see how such a match

would be conducted in America. Our own pigeon matches have very little of the chivalry of the sportsman, but theirs have none whatever. They use guns of No. 10 bore, very heavy, and with a very large charge of powder and very small shot; so that it is next to impossible for the pigeon to escape. This gun would be quite impracticable for our style of cross-country work. We read of some of their 'cracks'—Ira Payne and Captain Bogardus—killing ninety-eight and ninety-seven birds out of a hundred with these weapons. Eddy Thomas, a pigeon shot of some reputation, made a match, in which Messrs. Rigby and Millner, along with himself, competed. Mr. Rigby won with seven birds to his score out of ten.

"Having taken a cordial leave of our sporting friends, we returned to town, and the next day found us on our way to the far-famed Calumet river and lake, perhaps the most celebrated haunt of the wild duck and its various species in the world. A run of about 12 miles south of Chicago brought us to our destination. The Calumet is a small river, which, flowing into Lake Michican, enlarges into a lake about two miles from its mouth. Here the wild celery grows in primeval profusion, and is the favourite food of the wild ducks. We put up at the Hunters' Home, kept by Abe Klein, a very celebrated hunter and a capital shot, who can drop a blue-winged teal flying down the wind with a certainty, which is no slight achievement, as I consider this bird can perform 'the fastest

piece of animate locomotion on earth,' and it very much resembles a flash of lightning. Here we met several hunters bent on sport. The evening was spent in talk and cribbage, and early to bed was the order of the evening. After breakfast (which consisted mainly of wild duck), we each took possession of a punt and paddled up the river to the lake, about a mile distant. We saw thousands of ducks and shot very few, because the wind did not blow. The wind causes the ducks to fly about, and the hunter running his punt into the tall grass, 8 feet high, is quite concealed, and 'pots' them at his pleasure. A good retriever dog brings you the killed and wounded, and very often the missing. After two days' fair sport we returned to Chicago, this time to part company. Millner had determined to join Colonel Archer's party to Denver, with the idea of buffalo; Major Leech and party were going south to St. Louis and New Orleans; Rigby and myself commenced our return journey to New York, which we made on the second day after leaving Chicago, having travelled 'right through.' Rigby could not come on for a week, so three days afterwards I returned alone on the 'Cuba,' and had a delightful passage. Notwithstanding the festive, nay princely manner in which I was treated in America, I felt there was just one place in the world had a superior attraction for me, and that was home, which I reached in safety on the twelfth day after leaving New York."

CHAPTER IX.

"A hardy race of mortals, train'd to sports:
The field their joy, unpolish'd yet by courts."
Translation from LUCRETIUS.

A SECTION of the party, consisting of Colonel Archer, J. K. Millner, G. L. Taylour, and myself (W. D. Waterhouse), left St. Louis for Denver one evening last November. The distance is a little under 1000 miles, and the time taken to traverse it about 48 hours. The road is most uninteresting, 600 miles of the distance being over the plains, without a tree or fence, and this after a short time becomes very monotonous. Occasionally you see large herds of antelope, who have a great fancy for running races with the train. The whole distance is marked by the carcasses of buffaloes that have been shot from the cars; and although the bones near the lines are constantly being collected, for the manufacture of artificial manure, the carcasses were nevertheless more numerous than the mile-posts. It was dark when our train arrived at Denver, so we took the 'bus to Colonel Archer's quarters, and after a splendid dinner of buffalo steaks, venison, and wild duck, we sat over our tumblers of John Jameson and Son, and dis-

cussed the past, present, and future of the great City of Denver. From this conversation I learnt the following facts; its past history is very simple, as sixteen years ago there was not a shanty where the town now stands, and not even a white man, with the exception of a few Mexicans, in the whole territory.

The discovery by some immigrants, in 1858, of gold upon the shores of the river Platte, near the present city, first drew attention towards Colorado as a mining region. Since that time there has been a continual stream of immigration, which, although it received a material check during the war, was immediately afterwards revived, and Denver is now one of its results. The capital of Colorado is situated upon a bluff, over the banks of the South Platte River, at its junction with Cherry Creek, and is about 12 miles from the foot of the Rocky Mountains. It has an altitude of 4798 feet above the sea level, and its population numbers about 20,000. The streets are regularly laid out, and of course are covered with tramways in every direction. There are churches innumerable, five daily papers, theatres and banks, a branch of the United States Mint, and five public schools. Here I may say that I consider the greatness of the American people to be in a large measure due to the first-class gratuitous education which is thus offered to them, and of which all the children are made to take advantage; thus the talent in the poorer classes that is allowed at home to remain uncultivated is here developed. Denver enjoys also an inexhaustible supply of water, and most

efficient gasworks, thanks to the enterprise and ability of our friend James Archer, who about six years ago settled in Denver, which he conceived to be the coming city of the West. In order to encourage the growth of the town, and at the same time find a good investment for his money, he placed a great part of his capital in building gas and water works. The water is from the river Platte, and is supplied from large tanks, which are sunk in the sand, close to the river. Archer observing that there was more water in the river where it left the mountains than where it passed the town, concluded that some of it must be running underground, and in this supposition he proved quite correct. When the tanks were completed, it was found that quite a river ran through them; in fact, an unlimited supply of water that had been naturally filtered through some miles of sand was thus obtained. It is delivered throughout the town, at a high pressure, which is regulated by three enormous steam engines, and this arrangement is of the greatest value in preventing the spread of fires, to which all new American towns are subject. In fine, both enterprises have turned out unqualified successes, and every inhabitant of the place is proud of our countryman, James Archer.

At about six o'clock next morning, Archer turned us out of bed to see the sun rise, and certainly it was about the grandest sight that could be imagined. Although it was dark round about us,

there was to be seen about 200 miles of the ranges of the Rocky Mountains, covered with snow, on which the sunlight shed a beautiful rosy hue. Very quickly the line of light descended until it reached us, and then for about a quarter of an hour the whole atmosphere was tinged with a lovely light ruby colour. Our attention was drawn especially to two magnificent peaks in the range, Long's Peak and Pike's Peak, both of which were about 70 miles distant from us, in opposite directions, but which seemed so close that we could hardly believe they were one-fourth of that distance. The foot-hills, which were about 14 miles off, seemed to be separated from us by a space of little more than a mile. We then were told the favourite story of Denver for the first time.

An Englishman who visited Colorado a short time since, going out the first morning before breakfast for a stroll, thought he would have a turn over to the hills, but after walking for a couple of hours, and finding himself apparently no nearer, returned, and on the road back came to an irrigation drain. Having undressed, he was about to get into the drain, when some men who were near inquired what he was about. "I am going to wade this river," he replied. "Why not step across it?" asked one; "it is not more than two feet wide." "That is all very well," said the Englishman; "it may only be two feet, but it may be two miles, for all I know." This of course is a good story, but everyone you meet tells it to you, and after hearing it about twenty times you

get as tired of it as Mark Twain did of hearing the story of the Queen of Spain's seat at Gibraltar. The climate here is perfect, and is much sought after by the consumptives of the United States. In fact, Denver only wants the trees to grow a little larger and a few of the old houses that are still standing to be burnt down, to make it a model city, which I have no doubt it must shortly become.

All the ore or metal from that great mining district, on its journey east, and all the provision stores going west, must pass through it, and the impulse thus given to trade must eventually make it one of the richest and pleasantest cities in the State. The room for capital here is unlimited. Money is quoted in the papers on the best security at 1½ per cent. per month; and at times even more than that is obtained. It is only the wonderful opportunity for the investment of capital that renders it possible and profitable for anyone to pay such a high price for money; but still they do so, and thus borrowers and lenders get rich together in a very short time.

After a turn round the town, devoted to an inspection of the Colonel's gas and water works, and a visit to Mr. McCormack's celebrated brewery, where we tasted a glass of beer that would have done credit to Burton, we started off for the mountains with a waggon and pair of horses. It was freezing hard, the thermometer being at 22° Fahr., but we did not feel the cold much. Our horses made short work of the distance between Denver and Archer's farmhouse, where we were

to put up for the night. It was still light when we got there, and we succeeded in shooting a few prairie hens and wild ducks before dinner time. Afterwards we walked over to a neighbour's (a Mr. Shaw) house, and induced him to join our party for the mountains the next day. We were up early in the morning, and drove by a very primitive road into the mountains. There is nothing very remarkable about these foot-hills: they are very steep, wooded in patches with pine and scrub-oak, and covered with a sort of red sand and small broken shingle. The trees are full of blue jays with black heads, that make a very harsh chatter, as they chase one another about, and also of squirrels various and innumerable. When we came to the end of our road we took out the horses, packed our traps on their backs, left the waggon where it was, and started off through the woods on horseback, without any saddles; myself, for instance, with my rifle in one hand and a frying-pan in the other, which last-mentioned fire-iron would keep banging against the trees in passing. This frequently made my horse start, and kept me, not being a proficient as a bare-backed rider, in constant dread and imminent danger of being thrown.

In this way we travelled for about two hours very slowly, as the ground, in addition to being steep, was covered with old fallen timber, through which the horses, to our surprise, managed to pick their way most carefully. We had crossed two ranges of hills, a distance of about 5 miles from where we left the

waggon, when we came to a small stream, and here it was decided that we should camp for the night. On unpacking our traps it was found that we had forgotten to bring one of our bags, containing the principal part of our ammunition and our sugar and coffee. We had, therefore, to send our boy back with a horse, and instructions to come out to us as early as possible next morning. We then started in search of game, but although we saw plenty of the marks of both bear and deer, we unfortunately did not fall in with either. Archer and myself were first back to camp, so we proceeded to light a fire, and in a few minutes we had a splendid blaze. There was plenty of dry grass, and any quantity of broken timber, so as fuel was cheap and the evening getting cold we piled it on pretty thick. The others were not long in reappearing, and they brought a couple of mountain grouse, which are very fine birds, rather larger than our grouse, and of a slate colour. They proved first-rate eating, when fried with onions next morning for breakfast by our chief cook, J. K. Millner, Esq. We soon boiled some water and made tea, which we had to drink without sugar or milk, but consoled ourselves with the reflection that it was better than nothing. After a couple of hours' chat round the fire, during which time each man's sporting exploits were narrated, we went off to collect sufficient wood to keep the fire burning all night, and having put a great quantity on to give it a good start, we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and

greatcoats, and stretched ourselves on the bare ground to enjoy a night's sleep. I must confess that I did not succeed at all in doing so; having been accustomed to sleep in bed, I found this so different, that I could not work the oracle. If I covered my head with the blanket, I was smothered; if I uncovered it, I was frozen; my side that was next the fire was roasted while the other was iced. I may have slept for half an hour at a time, but certainly not more, and all my leisure time during that memorable night was devoted to keeping up the fire. But here also was another source of anxiety to me, for when I had put on a considerable quantity of fresh wood, I was obliged to watch until it was nearly consumed, lest it might set the grass on fire and burn us while we slept.

We were glad to rise early in the morning and see about breakfast; the weather had changed for the worse, and began to look like snow. Our bucket of water had been frozen 1½ inch thick during the night, although it was standing within 12 feet of the fire, and of this block of ice Millner made a table whereon to anatomize the grouse we had for breakfast. When we had satisfied our appetites, we divided our cartridges and arranged to meet in camp again at about one o'clock, so that we might have time to return home before dark, should we wish to do so. Archer and I then started off to meet the boy with the ammunition: he was rather late in coming out, and when we met him he told us of four elk he saw on his way

crossing the hills. We decided to go after them, and sent word to the others that we would work our way home, as there did not seem much prospect of sport. We never came up with the elk or anything else, and it was past two o'clock when we reached a log hut, at the head of the creek through which we had entered the mountains. We were both parched with thirst, not having had a drop to drink since breakfast at seven o'clock. I think Archer drank at least three pints of water from the well before he said a word to anyone, and then he asked for some bread, which he ate with some sardines that were in our bag. We then walked home to the farmhouse, where we arrived some time before the others. Millner and Shaw had been equally unsuccessful in finding game. The truth is, we were about a fortnight too early for the sport of which we were in search, as it is not until the animals are driven from the far mountains by the snow that they come to seek protection in the more sheltered valleys of the foot-hills.

Next morning we returned to Denver, and made arrangements to start the following day for Arapahoe, a station just 200 miles east, to look for buffaloes. In our rambles round town that afternoon we accidentally turned into a naturalist's shop to inquire about the price of some specimens exhibited in the window, and there we found, on the same errand as ourselves, two of our fellow-passengers by the 'Scotia,' Messrs. McWhinney and Lambert. They had arrived that morning from California. We soon persuaded them to join our party for the plains

next day, and arranged that we should spend that evening together at Archer's. We all met accordingly, and a merry time we had, for a lot of Archer's Denver friends turned in who had not seen the Colonel since his trip eastwards. It was nearly time to get up when we went to bed that night; and here I may say ended my experience of Denver, and very pleasant indeed it was. Of course it is impossible in such a short space to give any idea of the beauties of the scenery, the great mining wealth of the country, or many other subjects of interest, but to any of my friends who are anxious to go to America, either for their health, in search of field sports, or with the object of making money, I should give this advice, "Go straight to Denver," and I feel sure that they would not be disappointed in any one respect.

Archer, Millner, McWhinney, Lambert, and myself started by the early train for Arapahoe, where we arrived soon after dark. We there found a very comfortable house and good dinner awaiting us. Our host, Mr. Eccles, was a section man on the railroad, and Arapahoe is the name given to his house, besides which there is not another within many miles. The water for the engines is brought here in tanks for 35 miles, but they are at present engaged in making a well; and although the ground has been pierced to the depth of 900 feet, water has not yet been found. On turning out in the morning, we saw a herd of about a hundred buffaloes within half a mile of the house, and as soon as we had swallowed our

breakfast we started on foot in pursuit, leaving instructions for the waggon to follow us as soon as possible. We managed to head the herd twice, but on each occasion they got away without a shot; so at last, in desperation, although it was a very unsportsman-like proceeding on our part, we commenced firing promiscuously into the herd, and succeeded in killing one and wounding many others. Having paid our respects to the dead animal, we left it in charge of the man with the waggon to skin, and followed three others which were badly wounded, and had separated from the herd. Two of these we finally killed, the last nearly 12 miles from home.

It was a long, weary tramp back, up and down hill over that short tufty grass, after our hard day's work, and I thought the three buffaloes were rather hardly earned. However, it was worth going through for once; but to hunt these animals with comfort, it is necessary to be on horseback, and in this way any number may be killed. The tenacity of life in the buffalo is very remarkable. One animal that we killed did not fall until it had received ten bullets, which passed right through its lungs. Our rifles, however (Martini-Henry), were not at all suitable for shooting game, as the bullets are much too small and hard. We brought into camp the skins, tongues, humps, and hind-quarters of the three beasts we killed, and left them for our friend Eccles to cure. This man is a thorough hunter, and some of his stories are very amusing. He informed us that last year he killed 2500 buffaloes to his own gun, and I

quite believe him. The number of these animals annually killed is perfectly incredible. We afterwards learned at St. Louis, on undoubted authority, that during last season 300,000 hides were received from one station.

Next day we had to take leave of Archer, who returned to Denver, while we took the train to St. Louis, being well satisfied with our experience of buffalo hunting, and quite as happy as if we had killed ten times the number.

CHAPTER X.

"The most inviolable attachment to the laws of our country is everywhere acknowledged a capital virtue; and where the people are not so happy as to have any legislature but a single person, the strictest loyalty is, in that case, the truest patriotism."—HUME.

IN the year 1782 the United States of America comprised an area of about 800,000 square miles, and contained a population of about three millions, of whom half a million were slaves. The wealthy districts in the west of America then in occupation were remote from one another; the roads were bad, transit of goods proportionately difficult, and there was no steam. The Americans boast that the wonderful growth of these western districts and their unequalled prosperity are to be attributed chiefly to Jefferson's statesmanship, whose efforts were ably seconded by Fulton, the projector and achiever of steam navigation; by De Witt Clinton, the successful promoter of artificial inland navigation; and by Clay, of whom they speak as a Protectionist.

Washington himself was a Protectionist, and, curious as it may seem in America, the Republicans have always been more or less disposed to cherish this now exploded doctrine.

In the year 1860 the population of the country had

increased to upwards of thirty millions, and its area been extended so as to include a surface of over three millions of square miles. Its commerce also has increased to such an extent that I think it is hardly too much to say that, whatever comparison may be drawn between the present positions of America and of any other country, the future of America, at any rate, will be of most importance in the history of the world.

The undeveloped resources of America are undoubtedly immense. In Missouri, cattle are raised for the English market, for which a price of 4½ cents per pound, equal to 2¼*d.* of our money, is paid. This is prime beef, which will sell in England at from 15 to 24 cents per pound. Of course allowance must be made for the expense of carriage, but the facts stated will give some idea of the profit which is made in this and similar pursuits.

America possesses every valuable mineral in the world. She has one thousand times as much coal as England, and coal of the first quality too. In Iowa alone there are 7000 square miles of coal-beds. It has been calculated that at the present rate of coal consumption in England, the coal-beds will last only a hundred and twenty years. When they are exhausted, England will cease to manufacture raw material for the world, and will also lose the carrying trade of the world, which she at present enjoys, having one million registered vessels, whilst America has but one-fifth of that number. England's colonies will then be much greater than herself, and we may

have to trust to Australia and New Zealand to keep the Russians out of India. England is at present, I make no doubt, by far the greatest of nations, even though she cannot place in the field such enormous masses of troops as the continental countries of Europe. I fear my American friends will be rather unwilling to endorse this statement; but America comes next, and although she has not yet, so to speak, completed her majority, is rapidly overtaking the old country, so great are her means of production and internal resources. In two hundred years, according to this argument, England herself will be a second-rate Power; but English-speaking people in America, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and we must not omit the Fiji Islands, will overshadow the whole world.

The intellectual and moral advancement of the United States is sufficiently attested by the literature produced by American writers, while the newspapers are written in a style which only men of superior attainments can achieve. The incomes there are larger than in England, and everyone seems to be employed. There never have been idlers in America; the opportunities for advancement have been more frequent than with us, and an industrious man, whether a mechanic or a merchant, can make an income and afford to live luxuriously.

In such a country, so advanced in point of civilization, so like our own, so closely allied to us by blood, it is a wonderful thing that slavery was allowed to exist for so long a period. That it was a question of

time was well known, the vast interests involved in it being the principal difficulty. The question was finally settled by the great civil war, but at the cost of innumerable lives, an enormous amount of money, and the reduction to comparative indigence of the Southern States. I fear that my opinion is not altogether unprejudiced, but I cannot help sympathizing to a certain extent with those who thought it impolitic to give the liberated slave, with all his ignorance and prejudice, the power of overwhelming with numbers, through the ballot-box, the vote of the more intelligent white man. Why should they not have waited for a while, so as to organize a system of education which would qualify for its possession those to whom this privilege was so suddenly entrusted.

After the great struggle which, in 1782, ended in the liberation of the country, there was as much distress in America as there now is in the South in consequence of the late civil war. In 1782 *all* classes suffered alike; in the late war the Southerners suffered much the more severely, and the feeling towards the North is still far from cordial. The black vote has destroyed the prestige of the planters in the South, who are naturally somewhat indignant that the system of universal suffrage should have conferred on their coloured fellow-countrymen privileges which they assert to be far from commensurate with their capacity for governing.

LOYALTY.

As I have travelled somewhat outside my subject by making some remarks upon the present and future of America, I may be pardoned if I say a few words in the same direction about the country which interests us most of all.

In no country under the sun is the spirit of loyalty better recognized and acted upon than in Ireland. I may be taken to task for this remark; and anyone who desires to refute such a statement will no doubt quote speeches delivered *in* the House, ay, and *out* of the House of Commons, in justification of the present system of government.

In what country is the domestic servant, the farm labourer, the old retainer, more loyal to his friend and employer than in Ireland? Where is gentle blood more appreciated? In what portion of the Queen's dominions did Her Most Gracious Majesty and the late Prince Consort receive a welcome so cordial as they did when they visited Ireland together? The same remark is applicable to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. By ~~the~~ who were accustomed only to ~~those~~ low but cordial murmur of applause heard in the London parks, or to the total absence of demonstration in Scotland, where the notice of Royalty borders upon coolness, our outburst of cheering was from its very novelty a thing to be remembered with admiration,

especially when heard amongst a people who are only aware, as an historical fact, that they have a Queen upon the throne. I can never cease to feel dissatisfied with those who oppose the idea of a royal residence for the Queen in Ireland. I pass over the pecuniary advantages which a country derives from such intercourse; the merits of the proposition are not to be discussed on any such grounds: I leave that to England and Scotland, where complaints are loud enough when the London season does not come up to the shopkeepers' estimate of what it ought to be, or when in Scotland Her Majesty is a little later than usual in coming to her Highland home. Why should we not make a commencement now, and build a royal residence by private subscription, which might be occupied at times by Her Majesty in person, if she would deign once in a way to show the light of her countenance to her loyal subjects here. I have the more confidence in making such a proposition as this, as it is now a well-recognized opinion that the government of Ireland by a deputy is a political failure.

The kindest-hearted and best of men have been lords-lieutenant of Ireland; but while each successive viceroy has been tolerated to a certain extent as the royal representative in Ireland, his position is regarded as unreal.

In whatever way our ministerial rulers err, they rarely if ever make a mistake in the selection of a viceroy for Ireland; but as to the *office* of lord-lieu-

tenant, which was so oratorically supported in public when the attempt to abolish it was made, I would guarantee to get a petition for its abolition signed, which, in point of respectability and numbers, would show that the wealth, intelligence, and independence of Ireland only tolerated the lord-lieutenant's presence in loyal acknowledgment of the Sovereign's wishes.

But while thus pressing an idea which we believe would be acceptable to all loyal Irishmen, let us not shut our eyes to our own failings. The Irish are too much inclined to call for help from outside, and to complain that this or that advantage is denied to them which is extended to their more fortunate neighbours. If, instead of adopting this course, they would cultivate a habit of self-reliance, and put their shoulders resolutely to the wheel of the vehicle of Progress, Ireland's prosperity would soon be more than a matter of speculation.

APPENDIX.

WHILE in America Mr. Remington kindly presented me with one of his breech-loading rifles, a compliment I highly appreciated, and which I had great pleasure in accepting in my representative capacity; and since this little book went to the press I have received the rifle, the Inman Steamship Company politely carrying it over free of charge.

Mr. Remington may well be proud of having produced a breech-loading rifle which has made the highest score in any recorded competition, *beating the highest score ever recorded by ten points.*

I have received the following letter from the Messrs. Remington:

"NEW YORK, *April* 27, 1875.

"DEAR SIR,—The steamer 'City of Chester' carries out your Remington breech-loading rifle.

"We regret the delay which has occurred, but it was unavoidable, and to some extent the 'International Match,' which you were so instrumental in promoting, is responsible therefor.

"Bringing the Remington forward as that match did, as the achiever of the most remarkable scores on

record, the result was a stimulus to home orders for sporting and target rifles, which, in connection with a large and increased foreign demand for military guns, taxed our works beyond their facilities, enormous as they are.

"We have the honour to remain,
Your very faithful,

"E. REMINGTON & SONS.

"MAJOR A. BLENNERHASSETT LEECH,
Captain, Irish Team."

I much regretted that I found it impossible to visit Messrs. Remington's Armoury, at Ilion, during my late visit to America. I had a most kind and pressing invitation to do so; and fresh as I was from the industries of the Old World, I wished much to see what those of the New had accomplished, and the perfection to which American machinery has been brought. Messrs. Remington's works cover *acres* of ground, employing a village full of men, and in themselves constituting a village. They manufacture at the rate of more than one thousand guns per day; for that is their average of military rifles. They have at times turned out fourteen hundred per day, to say nothing of sporting and target rifles, pistols, cartridges, and various other products of their Armoury.

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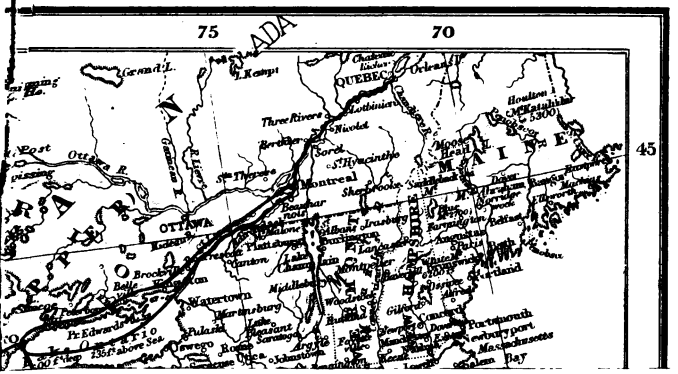
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70
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QUEBEC
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OTTAWA
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Portsmouth
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